

FEBRUARY 5, 1881

# THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 584.—Vol. XXIII.

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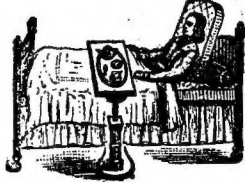


THE GRAPHIC

# CARTER'S



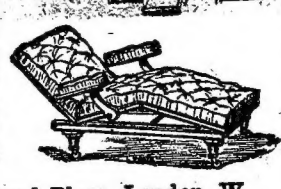
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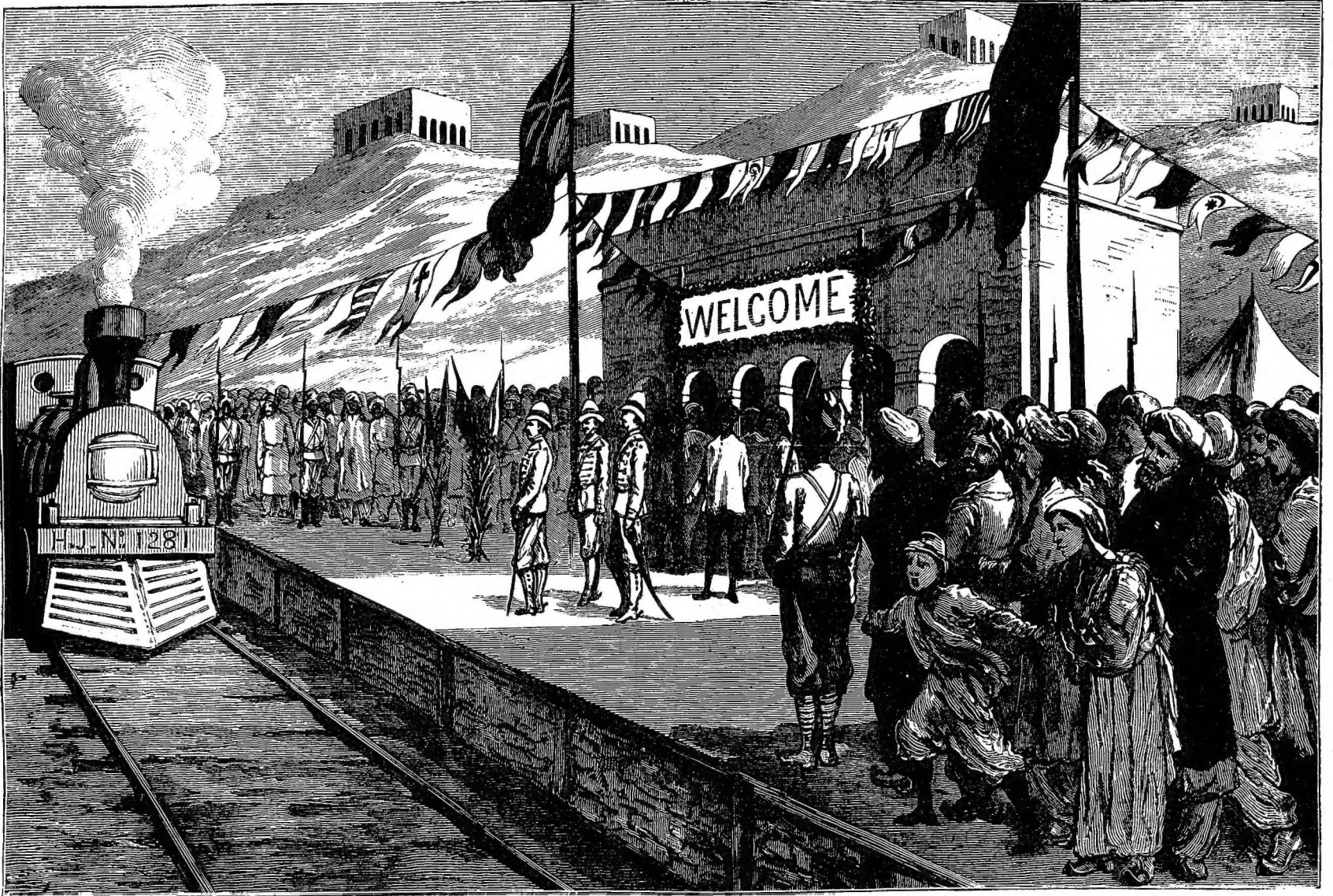
# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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THE TOUR OF THE VICEROY OF INDIA—ARRIVAL OF THE VICEREGAL TRAIN AT SIBI



THE REIGN OF TERROR IN IRELAND—A LESSON IN THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE



## Topics of the Week

**FORTY-TWO HOURS' DEBATE.**—There is a well-known story of an American who boasted that he could dive deeper, stay under water longer, and come up drier than any other man in Kentucky. In like manner our House of Commons has just shown that it can sit longer, talk shallower, and come up fresher than any other Legislative Chamber in the Northern hemisphere. We say intentionally the Northern hemisphere, because we fancy a similar feat was once performed in the colony of Victoria. Speaking seriously, it is perhaps well that the Land League members had such a thorough fling, and that their disorderly conduct was aggravated by the feeble management of the Deputy Speaker. At last the patience of the House was exhausted, Jove hurled his thunderbolt, in more prosaic language the Speaker intervened (the plan recommended by us a fortnight ago), and the debate, if it deserves such a respectable appellation, was brought to an abrupt conclusion. Finally, the Home Rulers marched out in a body, making believe to themselves, no doubt (there is a good deal of make-believe about these gentlemen) that they were in the seventeenth century, and were patriotically resisting the tyranny of "the Man Charles." The discussion on Mr. Gladstone's Resolutions for the permanent cure of Obstruction will not begin until we have gone to press, and therefore we will say little about them here. They certainly do not appear to limit the legitimate right of minorities, in fact the danger is rather that, even if they are passed in their original form, the Land Leaguers will have the wit to discover some "dodge" for breaking them in the spirit while observing them in the letter. It is questionable, indeed, whether a simpler plan would not be really more effective. The Speaker, when at last he resolved to speak firmly, closed the recent Broddingnagian debate. Sir Richard Cross had previously called upon him to exercise this power, but he naturally hesitated to assume a function which had been in abeyance for 200 years until he felt that he was armed with a positive, though unexpressed, mandate from the House. Why should he not now be empowered, once and for all, to silence any member who in his judgment was talking for Obstruction's sake? This would obviate the inconveniences and restraints which any modification of the *clôture* might introduce. Meanwhile we can but repeat that the House of Commons, though amusing as a sort of supplementary theatre where unexpected extravaganzas are performed, is falling into disrepute among sober-minded people. There is a great deal of business waiting to be done, of especial interest to Scotchmen, Welshmen, and Englishmen. Mr. Gladstone, as driver of the Old Constitutional Tram Car, must get rid of that Irish shandrydan which is lying across the rails, or before long the passengers will get somebody else to take charge of the vehicle.

**FENIANISM AND IRELAND.**—The English public are not easily alarmed, but they have surely some reason to observe with uneasiness the elaborate precautions of the Government against the Fenians. Extra guards have been placed on duty at the Magazine in Hyde Park; at Manchester and Salford all public buildings are watched either by soldiers or the police; and at Exeter the military authorities have received orders to admit no civilian, unless he is accompanied by a soldier, into the infantry and artillery barracks. These are but specimens of the precautions which are being taken; and we may be certain that so much energy would not be displayed if the Government had not very serious information as to the Fenian movement. It is humiliating to reflect that if there was an outbreak, followed by civil war, the majority of the Irish people, whether they took part in the struggle or not, would cordially sympathise with the revolutionary party. To whatever cause the fact may be due, it is unfortunately true that there are a large number of people in Ireland who detest England, and who would sacrifice much to effect the independence of the island. So much is made in these days of the principle of nationalities that we may expect to hear by and by from a good many English politicians that we have no right to maintain the Union against the will of Ireland. It is incredible, however, that this view should ever commend itself to any considerable portion of the English people. To let Ireland go would be to put England at the mercy of the first State with which she might happen to go to war; and very few even of those Radicals who are so furiously opposed to "Imperialism" are prepared to expose their country to so great a danger. The malcontent Irish of course attribute the resolution of England to maintain her Empire to mere selfishness; but even foreign nations admit that the overthrow of British power would be a misfortune for the whole civilised world.

**CANDAHAR.**—The arguments alleged in Lord Napier's Minute should make the Government pause in their intention to give up Candahar. In considering the question the interests both of the inhabitants and of ourselves deserve to be separately regarded. As concerns the inhabitants of Southern Afghanistan, it seems almost certain that our departure would be the signal for anarchy and bloodshed. Abdurrahman can scarcely hold his own in the North, and

even if Ayooob or some other chieftain were allowed to take peaceful possession of the southern division, the Candahar and the Cabul Governments would be sure before long to get to loggerheads. "Well, and if they do," some cynic may say, "what business is that of ours?" Well, in the first place, we should be morally responsible for abandoning Afghanistan after disorganising it by our invasion; and, in the second place, the ever-advancing power of Russia would watch any internal disturbance in Afghanistan with the keenest interest. She would, no doubt, cheerfully take sides with one of the contending parties, just as we used to do in the old conquering and annexing days of the East India Company. And, judging from our own success in similar cases, the result before long, provided we did not interfere, would be that Russia would be mistress of Afghanistan. Skobelev's recent victories over the Turcomans make this prospect far less chimerical than it would have appeared even a few months ago. There is no reason, however, to be panic-stricken at such a possible contingency. It might even be preferable to have a strong civilised Power as our neighbour on the northern frontier; and perhaps then, instead of attempting to invade India, Russia would endeavour to find, in the Persian Gulf, an outlet to the sea, accessible at all seasons of the year. Such an aspiration on the part of a mighty Empire is quite natural, and by no means blameworthy. But the foregoing speculations plainly show that an important chapter of future history hangs on our decision regarding Candahar.

**GREECE AND THE PORTE.**—It seems probable that the negotiations of the ambassadors at Constantinople, which have been suggested by the Porte, will be opened shortly, but unfortunately it becomes more and more doubtful whether they are likely to lead to a successful issue. Turkey continues to display unusual moderation, having, it is said, offered to give up nearly the whole of Thessaly. There is, however, no sign that the Greeks will be content with this concession. At the opening of the Chamber, M. Tricoupiis asserted in the strongest possible language that Greece could not accept anything short of the line traced by the Berlin Conference, and that if war were necessary for the attainment of this frontier, it would have to be proclaimed. M. Coumoundouros, speaking on behalf of the Government, did not repudiate the brave words of his rival; he merely assured the Chamber that he had done his duty in making adequate military preparations. A sort of frenzy appears to have seized the Greek people, and to have rendered them incapable of estimating their true position. Their belief evidently is that, notwithstanding all the good advice they have received, they may confidently look to France and England for help. It is true that M. Saint-Hilaire gives them no ground for this opinion; but behind M. Saint-Hilaire is M. Gambetta, and recent articles in the *République Française* have suggested to the Greeks that M. Gambetta is as determined as ever to show himself their friend. As for England, they point to the somewhat vague statements of Sir Charles Dilke as proof that the British Government is not at all inclined to abandon them. If Mr. Gladstone and M. Gambetta really intend to support Greece in a resolute policy, they may be able to justify the course which they at present pursue; but if they have no such intention, it is surely cruel not to express their purpose in plain terms. The Hellenic Kingdom may be brought to the verge of ruin by a misunderstanding which could be removed even now without the slightest difficulty.

**THE LAWS OF WARFARE.**—Count von Moltke is naturally proud of a profession in which he has attained such eminence, and, though he will shock the Peace Society by his enumeration of the moral beauties of War, it is very difficult to gainsay his statements, which, by the way, Wordsworth anticipated, when he declared that "Carnage is God's daughter." And Count Moltke is no doubt right also in asserting that the so-called "laws of war" cannot be enforced by any international tribunal, but must be left to the standard of humanity prevailing in the contending nations. This standard, too, will vary according to the bitterness of the contest. Ruthless deeds, which would not be done at the beginning of a war, are often done before the end of it. This sad fact was exemplified both in the American Civil War and in the struggle between France and Germany. In France, the miseries caused by the war were greatly aggravated, after the Revolution of September 4th, by M. Gambetta's mischievous efforts to revive the enthusiasm of 1792. It sounds grand and patriotic to talk of "the people in arms," but if the armed people behave like brigands the enemy will accord to them the treatment of brigands. The "free shooters" did scarcely any, if any, solid service to their country, they stirred up a host of evil passions, and provoked many lamentable acts of vengeance. We may remark in passing that, even in 1792, it was not the mouthing volunteers of Paris who saved France from the Duke of Brunswick, but the 180,000 disciplined soldiers of the old Monarchy. The old German strategist is right, too, in saying that the most merciful mode of waging war is to wage it in earnest, because that plan promises a speedy end. All the resources of the enemy, not his military forces only, must be attacked. Some people may think these observations cold-blooded and inhuman, but we venture to affirm, on the contrary, that they are both sensible and merciful. Avoid war if you can, but, if you must fight, it is

better to adopt Count Moltke's views than to trust to sentimental considerations which will vanish amid the smoke of battle.

**NONCONFORMISTS AND THE STATE.**—Dissenters are fond of contrasting the freedom of their position with the subjection of the members of the Established Church to secular authority. If a Nonconformist community has no definite creed, it is, of course, true that its adherents have more liberty than the Established clergy. But in many cases the government of the chapel is regulated by a Trust Deed, setting forth precise stipulations; and in these instances, as has just been proved by a decision of Vice-Chancellor Hall, the freedom of Dissenting ministers is confined within very strict limits. Mr. Stannard, pastor of a Congregational Church in Huddersfield, persuaded himself that he was justified in interpreting the provisions of the trust deed of his chapel in a large sense. He accordingly proceeded to preach doctrines which seem to have been essentially the same as those of the Broad Church party. The trustees did not share his view of his rights, and insisted on his teaching being brought into harmony with the definitions laid down by the founders of the institution. As compromise was impossible there was no alternative but to appeal to a secular Court; and Vice-Chancellor Hall decided against Mr. Stannard, who has therefore been compelled to withdraw from his office. It appears, then, that a Dissenting minister in the last resort is as much subject to the State as a clergyman of the Church of England; and the rules by which his rights are determined are necessarily far more rigid than those which are applicable to the members of an ancient ecclesiastical body. The varied fortunes through which the Established Church has passed have left their mark on her Formularies, which are indefinite enough to admit of a considerable latitude both of opinion and practice. There are, of course, bounds beyond which her ministers must not pass; but they afford wider scope for individual conviction than can ever be granted by the majority of her rivals.

**THE REPULSE AT LAING'S NEK.**—It would be ungenerous to blame Sir George Colley for his venturesome expedition. Had he succeeded, his praises would have been in every man's mouth. Had he remained motionless until reinforcements arrived, and had then found that the beleaguered garrisons had been compelled to surrender, he would have been severely blamed for neglecting to make an effort, although admittedly hazardous, for their relief. His action should therefore be judged with the utmost generosity. With regard to the repulse itself, it is impossible not to deplore the sad disasters which within a short time have thinned the ranks of our small army. We have but to mention the names of Isandlwana, Maiwand, Middelburg (where the 94th fell), and now Laing's Nek. From a military point of view this last repulse may not be serious, but it will undoubtedly animate the enthusiasm of the insurgent Boers. In almost all such cases the genuine malcontents (that is, the men who will risk life and limb in the cause) are a small minority, but the numbers of this minority are always swelled by success. This was eminently the case during the American Revolutionary War, when (although the citizens of the Republic now prefer to ignore the fact) large masses of the population were alternately loyalists or rebels according as the scales of victory predominated. We are forcibly reminded of the old American War, because this Transvaal quarrel seems the saddest and most unnatural war since we fought our kinsmen across the Atlantic a hundred years ago. The Boers are not our near kinsmen, but they spring from some of the noblest of European races, and it is lamentable to be thus carrying fire and sword against a handful of white men living among a seething horde of savages. It is a slight consolation to learn that the Boers have treated our wounded with consideration, and also that practically they will be regarded as belligerents. It is almost a perversion of language to call men "rebels" who were independent citizens four years ago, and whose allegiance was transferred to Queen Victoria in a very summary and uncereceremonious fashion. Considering all the circumstances of the case, we ought to treat the insurgents with exceeding tenderness as soon as we have provided for the safety of the loyalists in the Transvaal, although it is doubtful whether any concession short of absolute independence will satisfy them.

**RUSSIA IN CENTRAL ASIA.**—Since the capture of Geok Tepe there has been much discussion in St. Petersburg as to the expediency of a further advance in Central Asia. It is said that the Government is for the present in favour of being content with the positions which have been secured; and a few politicians urge that, considering the financial difficulties of the nation, some even of these positions ought to be abandoned. In military circles, however, the demand is for the continuance of the war; and this would of course mean the speedy seizure of Merv. It is possible that for once military opinion may be disregarded; but in past times the forward party have always triumphed sooner or later; and there can be little doubt that in this instance also their counsels will in the end be adopted. The British Government seems to anticipate this result without alarm; and if we could be absolutely certain that Russia would never wish to push beyond Merv England would, of course, be justified in watching her progress calmly. But can we be absolutely



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certain of this? That Russia will give as many pledges on the subject as may be asked of her we have no doubt; but everybody ought to know by this time the value of a Russian promise. Again and again she has violated her engagements, and we could have no ground for supposing that she would respect a new arrangement unless there was evidence that it was in accordance with her enduring interests—or rather with what she believes to be her enduring interests.

**THE BOUNTY SYSTEM.**—In their recent correspondence with the Government on this subject the sugar refiners had, in the opinion of many competent judges, the best of the argument. But the sugar refiners being, comparatively speaking, a feeble folk, and British Governments (both Liberal and Conservative) being obstinately devoted to the superstitions of Free Trade, there was little chance of the grievances complained of being redressed. Perhaps, however, when the bounty system is extended to more important industries, our statesmen may begin to comprehend that a one-sided Free Trade is a contradiction and an absurdity. An attack upon our shipping interest, for example, is just now simultaneously threatened both by the French and the Americans. By an almost unanimous vote the French Senate has assented to the proposition that bounties should be granted to French shipbuilders; while the United States Senate, rejecting Mr. Beck's sensible and liberal Free Trade proposal that foreign ships should be admitted to the American Registry, warmly supported Mr. Blaine's Bill for subsidising American mail-steamers. The introducer of this Bill, be it remembered, is almost certain to be a Member of the new President's Cabinet. It may therefore be taken for granted that two of our most important customers, namely, France and the United States, will before long endeavour to oust us from the leading position we now hold as carriers by sea. Whether the bounties are paid for building ships or for sailing them after they are built is a matter of no practical importance. Nor is it any answer to say that the tax will fall, not on us, but on Frenchmen and Americans. National pride will induce them to bear a very heavy burden in the hopes of ultimate victory. And, remembering that our great steamship lines were originally fostered by subsidies, France and America may in this manner build up artificially some very formidable rivals to ourselves. We have the greatest possible admiration for Free Trade in the abstract, but it seems a mockery to talk of Free Trade when our customers shut their doors in our faces.

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### THE VICEROY OF INDIA AT SIBI

LORD RIPON, the Viceroy of India, during his recent tour through North Western India, visited Sibi, the present terminus of the Quetta-Candahar Railway, on November 20, being received by General Henderson and Colonel Tanner, of the Beloochees. The station was decorated with flags and oleanders, the latter being brought from Jacobabad, as there is nothing green about Sibi, except the new comers, who are anxious to go on and see the beauties of Afghanistan as described by the Politicals. There were not many officials in Sibi at the time, but the crowd of Beloochees, wonderfully got-up Baboos, and sulky-looking Pathans was well worth seeing. "The chief peculiarity of the Belooch," writes the officer to whom we are indebted for the sketch, "is his long hair and his custom of pulling the hairs out of the centre of his moustache, only leaving one or two, and thus causing the moustache to increase very gradually in width up to the sides of the mouth."

### THE IRISH LAND AGITATION

THERE has been a decided diminution in the list of outrages since the Parliamentary Session commenced, but it is to be feared that it is only a temporary lull in the storm, brought about, perhaps, by dread of the threatened Coercion Bill. Mr. Davitt and a number of other Land Leaguers have indignantly denied the rumour that they would take refuge abroad as soon as the Coercion Bill was passed. They announce that they intend to remain and accept the consequences of their acts. It is, however, stated that the bulk of the funds of the League have been invested at Paris "in case of emergencies." The officials of the various branches of the Land League are said to be making arrangements whereby, in the event of their arrest, the business of the League will be carried on by their wives, "their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts." The Lady Land Leaguers of Dublin, under Miss Anna Parnell, have formed themselves into a committee for the relief of the distress and suffering which they think must ensue if the Government refuse to grant immediate protection from the rapacity and vindictiveness of landlords, and have issued an appeal to the women of Ireland, America, and other countries for assistance in their work.

A proclamation, "by order of the Irish National Directory," was on Monday posted throughout Ireland, and according to some reports in Liverpool and London also, but it was immediately torn down by the police. It warns the people, in view of coercion, to prevent "premature resistance," and states that the salvation of the people lies in the achievement of national independence alone, but the time to strike has not yet come; and it exhorts them, until the hour of

action comes, to let their attitude be one of calm resolve, self-sacrifice, and unshaken confidence in their final triumph.

"Mr. Outrage Forster" is the latest nickname applied to the Irish Secretary. It is the invention of Mr. Davitt, who, speaking at Borris, Carlow county, on Sunday, said that the Government were falling back upon police rule, prisons, and coercion, in order to sustain a system which is "a blasphemy on the providence of God, an outrage on reason, a crime against humanity, and the scourge of Ireland."

At a meeting of the Roman Catholic prelates, held in Dublin last week, it was resolved that the Land Code was intrinsically dangerous to the peace and happiness of the people, and that the introduction into Parliament of a measure framed on principles of justice to all existing rights would be the signal to call back peace and security to all classes. At the last meeting of the Dublin Land League Mr. Shaw and other "renegade M.P.'s" were threatened with "political death" for deserting in the face of the enemy; and votes of thanks were passed to Mr. Parnell and his supporters, and also to Messrs. Cowen and Labouchere and other English members who wish to reform the law before coercing men by "Algerine enactments." Mr. Labouchere's "able and distinguished defence of the liberties of Ireland" has also been acknowledged by some Irish ladies, who have sent him a very handsome bouquet from Dublin.

Our engravings may be very briefly described. "A Lesson in the Art of Self-defence" shows an Irish gentleman, who is about to leave home for a few days, teaching his wife how to use a revolver—an accomplishment which may possibly be of great service to her during his absence.—Most people will be inclined to echo the sentiment expressed by the corpulent sergeant shown in our first sketch on page 140. "Going out to Dinner" in a covered car at full speed is suggestive of the idea that the rider is a marked man, and has doubts whether he shall reach his friend's house alive. The next two sketches explain themselves; and finally we have a party of Irish landlords, who have very sensibly taken to yachting as the only means of avoiding "Boycotting" and other troubles.

### FANCY DRESS BALL AT LIVERPOOL

THE fancy ball which was given by the Mayor at the Liverpool Town Hall on the night of Thursday, the 27th ult., appears to have been in every way a complete success. The Arctic severity of the weather had just abated before the entertainment took place; the arrangements for taking up and setting down were well-managed, so that the guests could alight or depart without being incommoded by the crowd who came to gaze at them, and who, in their turn, were able to indulge their curiosity without discomfort; while within the building there was no crushing, no lack of attendance, the arrangements for the reception of the guests was excellent, the scenery and pageantry recalled the "progresses" of Queen Elizabeth, and the entertainment was carried out with that combination of gaiety and decorum which should be the aim of all fancy-ball givers.

The rooms were arranged and decorated with excellent taste. The light was subdued so as to obtain the best possible effect in every corner of the vast palace. The central staircase was so lighted as to invite attention to the hidden beauties on every side. The Council Chamber was converted into a banquetting hall. The superb suite of rooms allotted to dancing were very sensibly left to assert their simple charms untouched by the hand of the decorative artist. But the great vestibule leading to the Council Chamber was converted into an Oriental bower by the aid of Japanese banners, Chinese lanterns, flowers, and plants. Dancing began at nine, supper was at midnight, and all was over at three o'clock, though many would like to have prolonged so pleasant an entertainment.

The fancy dresses were exceptionally rich and costly, which added much to the picturesque aspect of the ball-room. We can only mention a few. The Mayor, Mr. W. B. Forwood, the giver of the entertainment, was content to wear a plain black Court suit. The Mayoress, as the Queen of Palmyra, wore a dress which became her admirably. It consisted of a blue satin antique trimmed with silver, embroidery, and ermine; the headdress being a tiara of sapphire velvet. Miss Esther Forwood appeared as a charity girl, in a blue cashmere dress, with a linen apron, cap, and badge; Miss Mabel Forwood as Phillis, in a quaint costume composed of white muslin, blue sash, muslin cap, and red shoes. Among the chief character-successes of the evening were the Cheeryble Brothers of "Nicholas Nickleby." A ferociously grotesque Bluebeard was also much observed, as also Mr. Alderman Samuelson as Friar Tuck, and Mr. Langton as David Sichel (*avocat*). There were, of course, Spaniards, gipsies, and Irish peasants, Poles, troubadours, Mephistopheles, &c., in great force, besides a Portia, a Lady Teazle, and a young lady in full fig as an undergraduate.

### FORT BELL, THLOTSE HEIGHTS, LERIBE DISTRICT

"THIS station," writes Lieutenant F. Perne Jervis, to whom we are indebted for the sketch, "was attacked on the 8th November by the rebel chief Joel with about 700 mounted men; the garrison consisting of 69 Europeans and about 85 Natives, which were distributed between the Fort, the Church, Court House, to the left of the illustration, and Police Camp behind the Fort. After about two hours' hard fighting, from 6 to 8 A.M., sallies were made from the Police Camp (which was attacked by about 400 of the rebels) in one direction, and from the Church (which was attacked by the remainder) in another, repulsing the rebels, and driving them some distance, leaving the ground strewn with dead horses, the Basutos, as usual, carrying away most of their killed and all their wounded. Their loss must have been severe. Our casualties were two Europeans and one Basutoland policeman wounded, all severely. The rebels were then reinforced by the Chief Ramonella, and the place was surrounded by between 2,000 and 3,000 Basutos until the 15th November, when the Kimberley Horse fought their way in, supported by the garrison. We then broke down their 'schanzen,' which they had built all round, from 800 to 1,000 yards off.

"The Fort is built of rough stone, the work of prisoners; the walls are about five or six feet thick, with breastwork of grain bags filled with earth, one row of loop-holes being left.

"There is an inscription over the Fort gates in white paint:—'Fort Bell—Our Boys,' with a horseshoe placed between the words, done by some of the men of Stanton's Horse."

### THE REVOLT IN THE TRANSVAAL

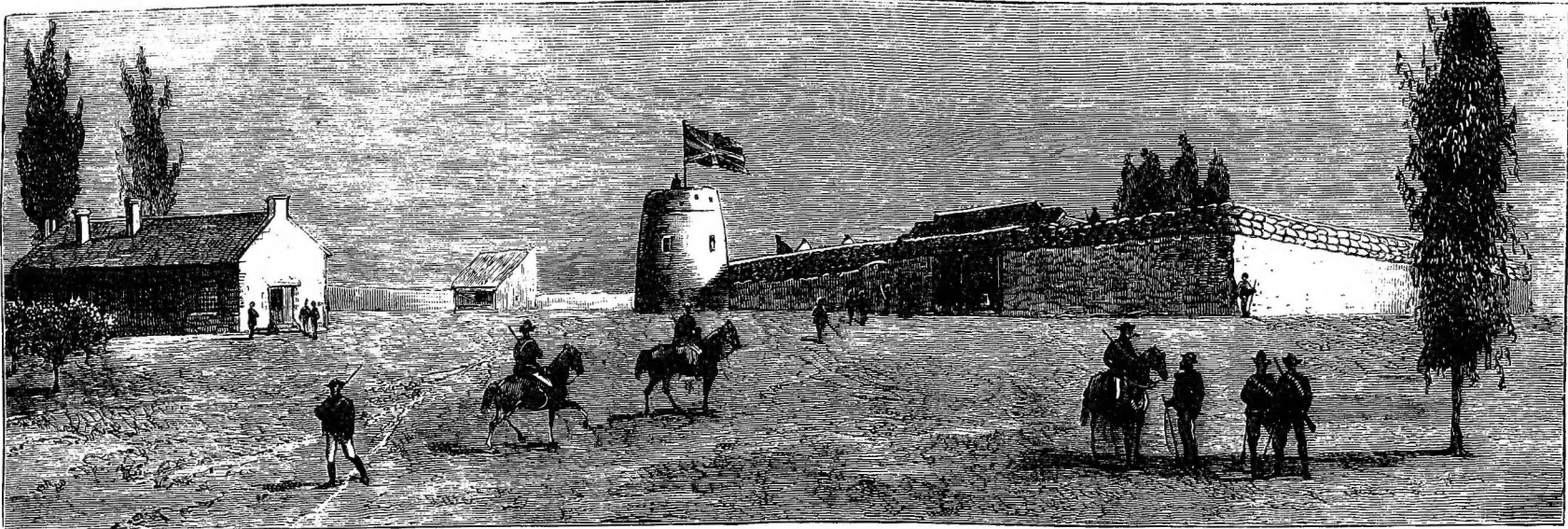
THE map which accompanies our illustrations shows the present position of Sir G. P. Colley and his little army in the camp near "Hadley's Farm," on the first slope of the Drakensberg, as also Laing's Nek, where the disastrous battle, which is described in our news columns, took place on the 28th ult. This spot is indicated by crossed swords. It also depicts the route which is being taken by the reinforcements which are now arriving at Port Durban. From thence they take railway to Pietermaritzburg, beyond which there is no line, and then commence their march of some 200 miles to Newcastle, where they would probably arrive in about ten days after they had started, though the weather in Natal being notoriously uncertain, and the rivers being easily flooded, it is not improbable that serious delays may be encountered. At Newcastle the troops will be within eighteen miles of the camp. Of Standerton, of which we give an illustration, there is very little to be said. Like Heidelberg, to the south of which it is situated, it is a military station, and formed one of the links of communication between the Natal frontier and Pretoria, the Transvaal capital. On the outbreak of the war it was beleaguered by the Boers. As no news has been received of its surrender it probably is still holding out.



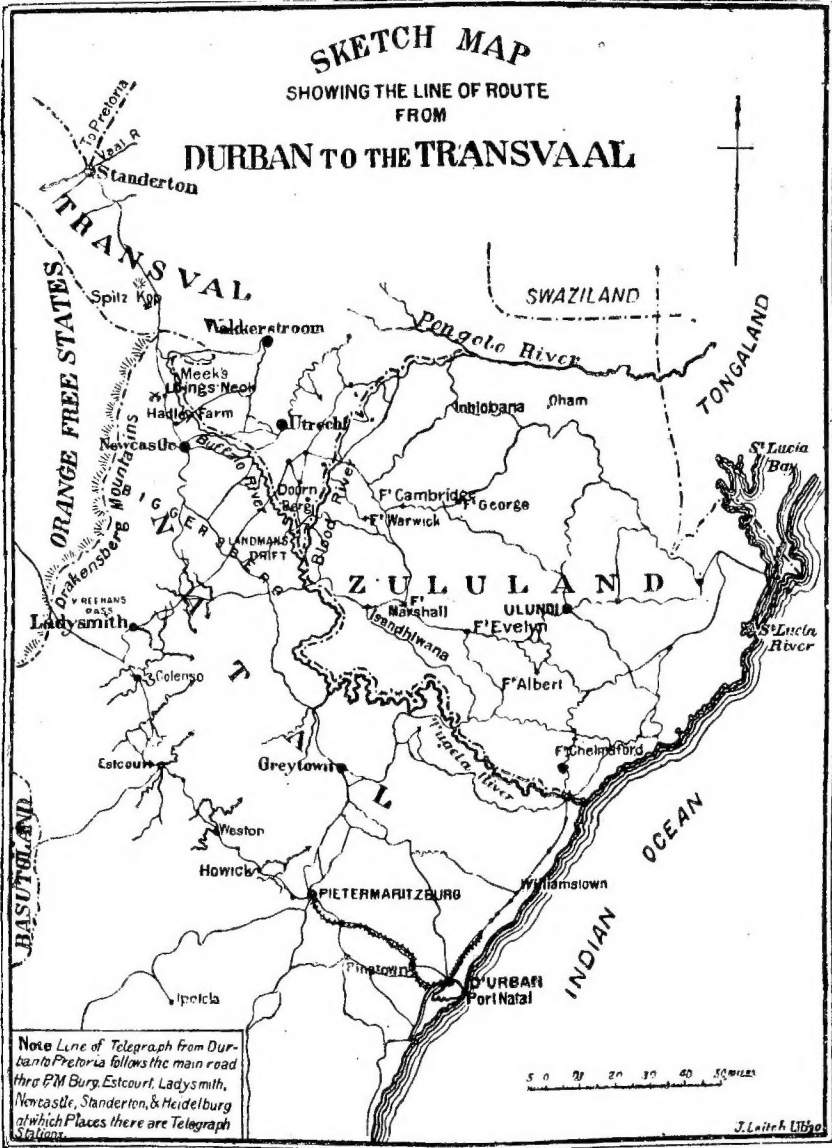


FANCY BALL GIVEN BY THE MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL AT THE TOWN HALL.





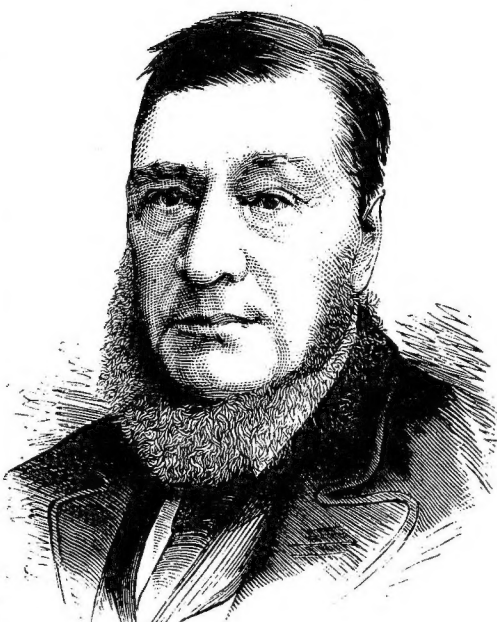
FORT BELL, THLOTSE HEIGHTS, BASUTOLAND, ATTACKED BY THE BASUTOS ON NOVEMBER 8TH, 1880



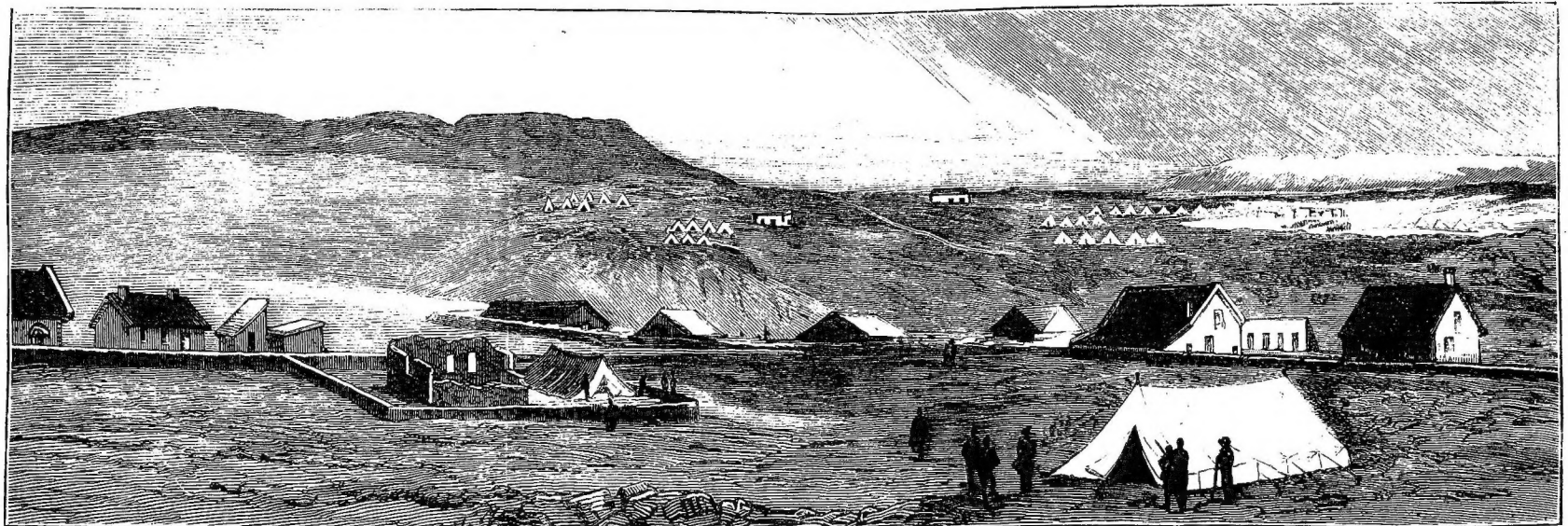
SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE ROAD FROM DURBAN TO THE TRANSVAAL



MR. PIET JOUBERT  
Commander-in-Chief of the Boers and Member of the Rebel Triumvirate



MR. PAUL KRUGER  
President of the Transvaal and Member of the Rebel Triumvirate



VIEW OF STANDERTON, TRANSVAAL, NOW BESIEGED BY THE BOERS  
THE REBELLION IN THE TRANSVAAL AND BASUTO-LAND



Messrs. Paul Kruger and Piet Joubert have been throughout the leaders of the opposition against the annexation of the Transvaal to Great Britain. Mr. Kruger is stated to be a man of considerable force of character, and at the time that Sir Theophilus Shepstone issued his proclamation he was Vice-President of the Republic. At the agitation meetings in December, 1879, also, he was nominated President of the Independent Volksraad, which the Boers informed the British administrator they had resolved to establish. For this Mr. Kruger was arrested on the charge of high treason, but the charge was eventually dropped, and Mr. Kruger, together with Mr. Joubert, came in June last to England on a mission to the Cabinet on behalf of the Boers. To him Mr. Gladstone replied that, "looking to all the circumstances, both of the Transvaal and of the rest of South Africa, the Queen could not be advised to relinquish her sovereignty over the country, but that consistently with the maintenance of that sovereignty the white inhabitants of the Transvaal should, without prejudice to the rest of the population, enjoy the fullest liberty to manage their local affairs." Not satisfied with this reply, Messrs. Kruger and Joubert returned to their own country, and manifestly prepared for revolt, as may be judged from a letter which Mr. Joubert has written to the *Zuid-Afrikaans*, in which he stated that he anticipated the rising, but not until January 8th. No sooner, however, did the rising take place than Messrs. Kruger and Joubert at once took the direction of affairs, the former being proclaimed President, and the latter Commandant-General of the Boer forces, both together with Mr. Pretorius forming a reigning Triumvirate, which has issued a Proclamation of Independence, and whose authority is recognised as supreme in the reconstituted Republic. Dr. Jorissen and Mr. Bok, both genuine Hollanders, were also elected Attorney-General and Acting State Secretary. To return to Mr. Joubert, he has been described by Mr. W. H. Russell as a "compound of Oliver Cromwell and Balfour of Burley," and to judge by the undoubtedly able manner in which the Boers have been handled in their encounters with the British troops must be possessed of no small amount of military skill.—Our portraits of Messrs. Joubert and Kruger are from photographs by J. E. Bruton, Cape Town, South Africa.

#### THE LATE FROST

DURING the recent frost the upper reaches of the Thames presented an aspect the like of which has not been equalled for many a long year. At Twickenham the backwater on the Middlesex side of Eel Pie Island was frozen over from bank to bank, and crowds of skaters and sliders congregated there, and on Saturday, the 22nd ult., a sheep was roasted whole upon the ice immediately in front of the Island Hotel. The cooking apparatus was of the simplest kind. A layer of gravel was first placed upon the ice, and on this two brickwork grates were built, facing each other. Between this the sheep, spitted upon an iron bar crook'd at both ends, and resting upon two upright stakes driven into the ice, was placed, and turned by two men. The roasting occupied four hours and a half, the cooks meanwhile being themselves subjected to much good-humoured "roasting" by the onlookers, who cheered loudly when Lady Adeliza Manners came down to perform the final basting. More cheering accompanied the lifting of the sheep on to the carving board, where, after the gentlefolk had first tasted of the meat, it was quickly cut up and distributed amongst the poor and hungry, plenty of bread and salt being also provided. A collecting box and subscription book were placed upon the table, with a placard reminding the visitors that "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," an appeal which was very liberally responded to.

#### OUTDOOR RELIEF

FEW people during the recent snowfall and hard frost have omitted to relieve one great and numerous class of frozen-out sufferers—the birds. With the ground thickly covered with snow, the poor little warblers have been unable to find their accustomed food, and have accordingly clustered in unusual numbers round human habitations, some mutely and others with noisy chirps imploring the inmates to throw out a few crumbs—a request rarely if ever refused. Indeed, it is one of the chief amusements of young children when weather-bound in the house to feed the "dickies," and watch how daring they have become, gradually approaching nearer and nearer to the windows, as though in response to the old nursery rhyme which "baby" sings:

Come here, little robin, and don't be afraid,  
I wouldn't hurt even a feather;  
Come here, little robin, and pick up the crumbs,  
To feed you this very cold weather.

It is a mistaken notion, however, to think that all birds can be nourished with crumbs or grain, and many a little songster is starved to death notwithstanding all well-meaning though ignorant efforts to help him. Some birds, such as the tom-tit, wren, &c., subsist on insects or worms, and crumbs are little more to them than a turnip to a Bengal tiger. Thus, it has been suggested that a bone of a joint of meat should be attached to the branch of a tree, as in our illustration, so as to be secure from any four-footed raider. The more fat there is on the bone the better, and, indeed, it is a good plan to mix a little fat with the crumbs thrown out from the window. In the last issue of our contemporary the *Queen* also, there is an engraving of a method of securing the bone by means of a long curved stick placed on the lawn. A gentleman from Gloucester, who had hung a bone out in his garden, found it heartily appreciated. A wren which he had seen before in a feeble condition began to fly about cheerily, while various species of birds speedily crowded his garden.

#### "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET"

A NEW STORY, by Messrs. Besant and Rice, illustrated by Mr. Charles Green, is continued on page 129.

#### "OFF TO JOIN MY REGIMENT"

FROM LONDON TO CANDAHAR

THOUGH the journey from the English metropolis to Candahar in South Afghanistan is a very long one, it is by no means monotonous, but one of great variation. Starting by the Continental Mail from Charing Cross to Brindisi, the traveller may, if he chooses, break his journey at Paris and Milan, run over to Venice, take the P. and O. steamer there, or see Florence, Rome, and go on to Brindisi. This latter town is not a very pleasant place to spend much time in; but, for a few reminiscences of the Spanish occupation and its many beggars, it lacks interest.

It is here we bid farewell to Europe, and steam away in the P. and O. boat for the East. Besides the thousand and one interesting objects to be found in the short visit the passenger is allowed to make to Alexandria and Cairo, are the extraordinary-looking oil lamps, by the light of which the mail agents shift Her Majesty's mails from train to boat at Suez.

The journey through the Red Sea in the winter months is generally a very pleasant one. Hot, of course, but not too oppressive for some of the passengers to walk on the upper deck in the cool of the evening, or to go in for singing, playing, and sometimes amateur theatricals. Long before the good ship has arrived at Aden, the majority of the passengers have discarded their sultry cabins, and make their beds at night on the upper deck, a barricade of deck chairs being thrown up round the ladies' quarters. This is the pleasantest part of the voyage, falling asleep watching the moon-beams shimmering on the sea. All sleepers on deck must rise early, for before the sun has driven them into shadier quarters the deck-cleaners are at work.

Presently Aden is reached. Hot and uninteresting enough does the glaring cinder of a place look; but still there is something to be seen here,—the famous tanks, and almost as famous and much more entertaining to the passengers are the crowds of diving boys.

From Aden to Bombay once more we get a breath of fresh air crossing the Indian Ocean, with sometimes a little rougher sea. India reached, the passenger will on awakening in the morning in Bombay become acquainted with one of the oldest Indian institutions—Chota Hazaree, or small breakfast, when his servant stealthily creeps into the room with a cup of hot tea and some toast.

On the line of railway running to the North, the carriages are roomy enough and comfortable, as far as comfort is possible in the terrible plains of India. The carriage I travelled in was supplied with tatties, which are circular pieces of matting stretched on a sort of wheel of light metal-work, and fitted into a window on each side of the compartment. The tatties are turned by the motion of the wheels of the carriage, and as they go round they dip into a trough of water attached outside the carriage. The matting becomes saturated with water, and forms a cooling sieve for the hot air which the rush of the train causes to enter the carriage. When the train stops one is almost suffocated with the sudden stillness of the atmosphere. At all the principal stations ice can be got, and is sold in convenient little boxes by the Agra Ice Company. To be on the right side of not getting heat-apoplexy a good plan is to tie a towel round one's head, place a lump of ice on the top, and as it thaws sop up the liquid when it trickles down the face with a sponge.

When we reach the end of the railway in India the dāk gharry or post-waggon is the next mode of travelling. It is a lumbering-looking vehicle. No seats inside, only the bare floor, on which you place your bedding, which a traveller in India generally takes with him. In the centre, worked by a trap in the floor, is a well or box in which to put luggage and stores. The dāk gharry will hold two people comfortably, and carry a large amount of luggage on the roof and on the board at the back. The post service generally have good going horses, but the difficulty is to start them, the natives sometimes using ropes which they sling round the horses' legs, and pull in the direction they want them to go. With loud shouts, whipping, and kicking they are at last prevailed upon to start, and when once started never stop until they arrive at the end of the stage, or the same difficulty would have to be got over as at the commencement of the journey.

For routes where the mail service is not yet established the Ekka is sometimes used, and this is, perhaps, the most unpleasant of all conveyances in India. The sketch will give a better idea than any description of mine. It is necessary to say that they are made of bamboo, and entirely without springs. Sometimes four or five natives will somehow hang on to this frail-looking framework. The driver of the Ekka I travelled in had a curious way of watering his horse by supplying the animal from a shallow metal dish, which had the appearance of offering milk to a cat.

Mountain travel in Afghanistan is fraught with other dangers beside the wily tribesman. The numerous dead and dying camels wandering about the passes cause great excitement and speculation among the hill ponies, who will shy at the placid-looking animals in a most unnerving manner, causing no little anxiety to the best-seated of riders, especially when there is three feet between you and your horse and the loose edge of some precipice. F. V.

#### SHOOTING ALLIGATORS IN CEYLON

"THERE is a deep pool near Kalmunai, in the Batticaloa district," writes Mr. J. Fitz Roy Dixon, to whom we are indebted for the sketch, "famed for its alligators, so much so in fact that a friend and I shot eighteen there in the course of a week without apparently diminishing the number. There was one enormous brute that had the reputation—how far justifiable I am unable to say—of having devoured four natives, and cattle without end. The villagers begged us to shoot him, and for some time we watched for him, and often saw him as he came up to breathe, but so cunning was he that the instant he saw either of us raise his rifle, down he would sink, with scarcely a ripple to mark the place of his disappearance. Now this pool swarmed with fish, but the dread of the alligators kept the natives from netting them; at length, however, emboldened by our presence, three men paddled in from the stream and began operations. At first they kept close to the bridge, but growing bolder they moved up to some reeds which bade fair to reward their temerity, when all of a sudden—Splash!! and up went the canoe, and but for the outrigger would have capsized—men and all! They had run upon the alligator which was rising on a sand bank just below the surface. The yells of the lookers-on and the smack with which the brute's tail struck the canoe showed how narrow an escape the men had had. However, this was my opportunity, and shortly afterwards I had the satisfaction of killing the alligator with a bullet in the brain."

#### PALMS IN MAURITIUS

See page 136.

#### THE SAMOAN ISLANDS

NORTH-EAST of the Fiji Islands is situated the Samoan or Navigator's group, consisting of four larger and several smaller islands, with a total area of 1,200 miles. One of the larger islands, Upolu, contains the principal harbour and chief town, Apia. Here also is the Peak of Tafua, 2,500 feet high, forming a perfectly round lava cone, and crater completely filled with a dense forest. Samoa is one of the loveliest, most agreeable, and productive of all the South Sea groups. The fertility of the soil is such that the cultivation of tropical plants yields abundant returns, and the means of subsistence are perhaps more easily obtained here than in any other part of the world. The Samoans are the fairest of all the Polynesian races, and surpass them all in many of the characteristics of a true civilisation. Their habits of cleanliness and decency are remarkable; their public meetings are carried on with a forbearance and dignity which Europeans never equal; and even in the heat of war they have shown themselves amenable to the influences of reason and religion.

In 1872 the United States assumed a Protectorate over the Samoan Group, and in 1875 the first regular Government was organised, consisting of a King (elected for four years) and a Parliament. Soon after, however, the King offended the Parliament by removing his Prime Minister, Mr. Steinberger, and they deposed him. They omitted, however, to choose another King, so the Parliament was the sole governing power, and this arrangement was recognised both by the United States and Germany. After this an insurrection broke out, but finally the claims of the chief of one of the rival parties, King Malietoa (with General Bartlett, of the United States Army, as his Prime Minister), were recognised by all the foreign Consuls. Recent news from the Islands reports that King Malietoa died on the 8th of November last, and that the country is in a state of anarchy, with the exception of the neutral territory governed by the American, German, and British Consuls.

Our sketches, which are by the late Miss Mary B. Dobie (concerning whom we speak elsewhere), need no explanation, except that of the Siva, or Sitting-down Dance, which is performed by the women, who sing a quaint dirge, alternately fast and slow, at the same time gracefully keeping time by moving their arms, hands, and fingers. Others accompany them, clapping or beating a tattoo.

#### THE LATE MISS M. B. DOBIE

MARY BEATRIX DOBIE, youngest daughter of the late Major Herbert Main Dobie, of the 30th Regiment, Madras Native Infantry, was born in Cumberland, and lived for the greater part of her life at Irthington, a village near Brampton, in that county. In the year 1877 she, with her mother and an elder sister, sailed to New Zealand for the purpose of visiting a brother who was employed in the Government service at Auckland. Miss Dobie, who had studied for some time at the Female School of Art in Queen Square, was very fond of sketching, and had an exceptional appreciation of the beauties of Nature. She was also of a very enterprising disposition, and entirely devoid of fear. She was a bold rider, an expert skater and lawn tennis player,—in short, she was a proficient in all the athletic amusements in which modern young ladies delight. A trip to the Hot Lakes of the Tauranga District has now become a favourite tourist's ramble, and of her journey to this favourite resort Miss Dobie sent us some sketches, which appeared in our issue of January 24, 1880, No. 530. But shortly after this she and her sister, accompanied by their brother, undertook a much more adventurous enterprise, for they sailed in a trading schooner to the Samoan group, and thence visited the Fiji Islands. During this trip these young ladies, for the pleasure of climbing and sketching, rambled as fearlessly about these islands as if they had been in their Cumberland home, without meeting with the slightest molestation or annoyance, though constantly at the mercy of the natives. Last June the elder of the two sisters was married to Major Forster Goring, of the Armed Constabulary, and in November last Mrs. Dobie and the subject of the present notice, on the eve of their return to England, went to pay the bride a farewell visit at the Camp, Opunake, near Taranaki, in the Province of New Plymouth. On the 25th November last, after writing a letter to her brother in Auckland full of high spirits and of enthusiasm at the lovely scenery amid which she was staying, Miss Mary Dobie, at 1.30 P.M., went to a neighbouring store for the purpose of buying a pencil. Her sister expected her back soon, as they intended to play lawn tennis together. As time passed on, and she did not return, her friends gradually became uneasy, especially as her brother-in-law's two dogs, which she had taken with her, had returned home. But their anxiety at first did not anticipate anything worse than that she had lost her way in the flax bushes, or had slipped among the rocks on the beach, and sprained her ankle.

Terrible, therefore, was the shock to her friends when her dead body was found near a place called Te Namu, the wounds in her throat showing that she had been murdered. At first an European was arrested, but his innocence was shortly proved. Meanwhile, and chiefly by the evidence of his own countrymen, a web of damatory facts was woven around a young Maori, named Tuhi. He was a man of indifferent character, was reported to be a thief, and had quarrelled with his own people. After the circumstantial evidence had been gradually heaped up against him at the inquest he suddenly announced his determination to confess. He then stated that he found Miss Dobie sketching, and that he asked her for money. She gave it him (it may be presumed, under compulsion), but unfortunately she said that she should tell the constables. Thereupon he drew his knife, and killed her. We desire to add that the evidence of the surgeon at the inquest showed that the murder was unaccompanied by any other outrage. The crime created a thrill of excitement throughout the whole of Australasia, but there is no reason to credit it with the slightest political significance; indeed, this kind of murder, though happily everywhere of an exceptional type, was one of which instances not unfrequently occur in this country, where a base thievish fellow suddenly blazes into ferocity on his personal security being threatened.

Miss Dobie was so full of health, vigour, and vivacity, that her death seems especially lamentable; and her disposition was so bright and cheery, that she has left many sorrowing friends both in New Zealand and at home.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

#### MR. HAMILTON HOPE

MR. HAMILTON HOPE, who was murdered about the 22nd Oct. last by the chief and tribe among whom he resided as magistrate, was the second son of the late Major Hope, Auditor-General of the Cape Colony, and was born on the 31st October, 1840. Mr. Hope had been in the Civil Service of the Colony for several years, most of his service having been passed in the more recently acquired territories of the Colony. He was specially selected for the appointment he held at the time of his death on account of his intimate knowledge of the Basutos and their language, having managed affairs most satisfactorily while Magistrate of Mafeteng, also in Basutoland. He leaves a widow, who fortunately had removed to the Orange Free State shortly before the disturbances in Basutoland broke out.

The manner of Mr. Hope's death was on this wise. He had been magistrate with Umhlonhlo for upwards of ten years, and this chief owed everything to him. The Government were suspicious of the chief's loyalty, but Mr. Hope expressed his confidence in him, and begged to be allowed to call his warriors out. Umhlonhlo specially invited Mr. Hope to witness the assembly of his fighting men, and, as is usual on such occasions, a grand war dance took place, during which they went through various evolutions with their assegais. Suddenly Mr. Hope and two of his clerks were surrounded and stabbed to death. Another clerk, Mr. Davis, was not killed, but taken prisoner.

Our portrait is from a photograph by G. N. Tudhope, King William's Town, South Africa.

#### JOSÉ MARIA DA SILVA PARANHOS, VISCONDE DO RIO BRANCO

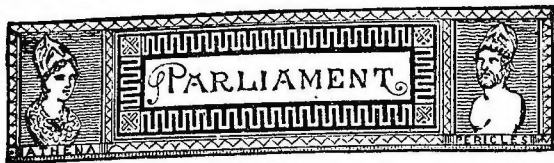
See page 134.

#### TROOPS FOR THE TRANSVAAL—ON THE VOYAGE

It was announced in the House of Commons on Monday that the reinforcements from India had already arrived at Durban, and that those from England were all due there on the 10th of February. Our sketches need very little explanation. In No. 1 the vessel is leaving Portsmouth, the soldiers on board exchanging farewell signals with the crowd of relatives and friends who have congregated upon the quay to witness their departure. The other sketches are common incidents of the voyage. No. 2, "Winding in the Log," is an operation performed by a military squad under the command of a naval officer, the soldiers wearing the curious dress supplied to them as their sea kits. Numbers 3, 4, and 5 speak for themselves. No. 4 shows the boats which have been lowered to rescue the "man overboard," to whom a life buoy has already been thrown, whilst No. 6 is a fencing match, an amusement which is very popular amongst both officers and men.

THE SUNDAY SOCIETY have been obliged to postpone their motion in the House of Commons for the Sunday opening of museums, picture galleries, &c., owing to the delay in public business in the Lower House, and Lord Dunraven will therefore move a resolution in the House of Lords. Last Sunday the Suffolk Street Gallery was open from 5 to 7.30 P.M., and was visited by 1,124 persons.





THE House of Commons is likely to supply a useful illustration of a familiar proverb. It is said, when matters reach their worst they will mend. It is impossible to conceive that matters in the House of Commons could reach any lower level than they have now assumed, and it is to be hoped that even before this number of *The Graphic* is in circulation the process of mending will have deliberately and determinately commenced. The great struggle began on Monday night, having been adjourned from Friday by the clemency of the Premier. The business before the House was still the motion for leave to introduce the first of the two Coercion Bills of which Mr. Forster has charge. It was reasonably thought that the discussion on this stage, unusual in ordinary times, had reached lengths that would permit the debate to close on Friday. So deliberately formed was this conclusion, that the Prime Minister not only prepared, but delivered, the speech by which, as Leader of the House, he would wind up the debate. Worse still, the Bill itself was inadvertently and disastrously issued by the printers on Saturday, under the impression that the debate had concluded on Friday night.

On Monday all parties assembled with the certainty that now at least the struggle preliminary to a long series of successive stages of the Bill would come to a conclusion. On the threshold of the night the Premier, questioned on the matter, announced amid loud cheers that he hoped and believed that the division would be taken during the current sitting. As on Friday, Mr. Parnell, rising in his character as Dictator of the House, followed the Premier with the announcement that he did not regard it as desirable that the debate should close till the following day. Thus issue was joined, and it was known that whatever untimely tenderness the Ministry may have shown on Friday to this travesty of the rights of minorities, no further toleration would be possible. The House of Commons was now thoroughly aroused, and impatient of further delay in a final struggle with Obstruction.

All through the evening the debate proceeded without incident. Members, not all of them Irish, made long speeches, to which no one listened. The principal business of the night was conducted in the lobbies, where the Whips were busy arranging relays for the all-night sitting. At one o'clock on Tuesday morning the first blows in the real fight were struck. An Irish member named Gabbett was appropriately put up to move the adjournment. Mr. Gladstone, who had come back to his place after a brief absence, half rose from his seat, and in the fewest possible words announced that this was a proposal to which the Ministry could not listen. A declaration of this kind was worth a speech half an hour long. It disclosed in unmistakable manner the position which the Ministry had assumed. It was not, Mr. Gladstone evidently thought, a matter to be discussed, or even descanted upon. It simply could not be, and there was an end of it.

Mr. Parnell, who had been in his place the greater part of the night, now rose and bitterly attacked the Government, the Opposition, the authority of the House, and things generally. On Friday night the Premier, led into error by Mr. Forster, had attributed to him a sentence he had never spoken. Was it fair, Mr. Parnell now asked, standing before the angry House, pale with suppressed passion, that the debate should close without his having the opportunity of repudiating the authorship of the speech alluded to? This was a string on which Mr. Parnell's followers greatly harped, and it carried them cheerfully over the first hour of the morning. In the mean time, Mr. Gladstone having gone home, Lord Hartington assumed the leadership of the House, and in his imperturbable, matter-of-fact way, so distasteful to Irish members, pricked this bubble of injured innocence and outraged weakness. If Mr. Parnell had desired to recur to the speech of Mr. Gladstone, why had he not risen earlier in the sitting? Eight hours had been devoted to further so-called debate, and during any one of them Mr. Parnell might have claimed his privilege of making a personal statement. To sit silent all night, and then, at one o'clock in the morning, to complain that he was not allowed to speak, appeared to Lord Hartington, as it doubtless will to other people, something too audacious.

But as any stick will do to beat a dog with, so any excuse will serve Irish members to obstruct the passage of the inevitable Coercion Bills. All night long they kept up the flood of vapid talk, unvaried by any of those incidents of humour which in former times have made their exertions bearable. All through the day the same tactics were kept up. Formerly, in similar circumstances, a pleasant and healthful variation of physical and vocal exercise was maintained by the unlimited opportunity of moving the alternate motions of the adjournment of the debate and the adjournment of the House. A Standing Order passed in the last Parliament limited this privilege, and though it has not had any effect in the way of making continuous sittings impossible, it has rendered more arduous the task of Obstruction. Gentlemen engaged upon this enterprise must now talk more and walk less. The Irish members proved equal to the occasion, delivering over and over again on successive motions for the adjournment the dreary speech with the hum of which the overtaxed House was already fatally familiar.

It was towards midnight on Tuesday that the monotony of the long sitting was varied by a scene approaching to a crisis. There had during the afternoon been meetings both of Ministers and ex-Ministers. At the former it was decided that as soon as the Division on the First Reading of the Protection Bill was taken a settled plan should be submitted to the House for the permanent extinction of opportunities for Obstruction. At a meeting held under the presidency of Lord Beaconsfield, it was decided that independent action should be taken on the Front Opposition bench, and that an attempt should be made forthwith to put down Obstruction, albeit temporarily. Just before midnight Sir Richard Cross, unexpectedly interposing, called the attention of the Speaker to a Standing Order passed during the last Parliament, giving power to the Speaker to name any member who disregarded the authority of the Chair, or persistently and wilfully obstructed the business of the House. Sir Richard Cross thought it possible to establish a charge of combination amongst the Irish members wilfully to obstruct, and he called upon the Speaker to exercise his authority. The Speaker significantly warned Irish members, but took no further steps, and being now physically exhausted, left the Chair, and was succeeded by the Deputy Speaker, Mr. Lyon Playfair. Proceedings went on in the old style for half-an-hour, when Sir Stafford Northcote interposing, amid loud cheers, endeavoured to get the new occupant of the Chair to go to extremes. But Mr. Playfair held back, nor was he to be driven even when Mr. W. H. Smith, making a third appeal from the Front Opposition Bench, solemnly called upon him to name Mr. Parnell. If Mr. Smith had been a little less anxious he might have succeeded in his object. If he had only waited a quarter of an hour, Mr. Parnell, as yet undaunted by the now unbounded anger of the House, would have given himself over to the enemy. But the member for the City of Cork had only just risen. He had not proceeded ten sentences into his speech when Mr. Smith, too eager for his opportunity, interposed. As the Deputy Speaker pointed out, no offence had yet been given within the technical meaning of the Standing Orders, and therefore it was impossible for him to interfere.

This was more than the Leaders of the Opposition could stand. Rising with one accord, all the right hon. gentlemen on the Front Bench, with the remarkable exception of Sir Richard Cross, left the House under the leadership of Sir Stafford Northcote, and were followed by many members on the back benches. After this disorder broke out with renewed fury. Mr. Milbank complained that Mr. Biggar had addressed to him a remark which, though it may be uttered in the House of Commons at the present day, may not be reported in decent print. Mr. Milbank himself took an early opportunity of retorting upon Mr. Biggar that he was "an impudent scoundrel." These were amenities that were the beginning of a sitting that lasted through the second night. At half-past nine o'clock on Wednesday morning the Speaker, taking on himself the duty long pressed upon him, announced that the debate had proceeded far enough, and that the division must now be taken. Whereupon the Irish members, burlesquing the action of the Leaders of the Opposition, walked out of the House, and the First Reading was carried by 164 votes against 19. By this threatening action the Irish members missed the opportunity of hearing Mr. Gladstone give notice of the resolution by which it is proposed to alter the rules of the House with the object of putting down Obstruction. The House met again at noon for the ordinary Wednesday sitting; but the Irish members, making the most of a last chance, kept the House engaged with discussion on the motion for adjournment, and nothing else was done.



**POLITICAL NEWS.**—The Lord Advocate of Scotland won an easy victory over his opponent, Mr. Jenkins, at Edinburgh, polling 11,390 votes against 3,940. The announcement of the result was received with mingled cheers and hisses, and the defeated candidate made a speech to the crowd saying that he congratulated the Lord Advocate on his success, and that he was happy the victory was a Liberal one. He stood there a beaten man, but he was quite ready to renew the battle on behalf of true Liberal principles.—Several Radical meetings have been held for the purpose of protesting against the Irish Coercion Bill. At one of these, a Mr. O'Connor (not the M.P.) described Mr. Gladstone as "a double-dyed hypocrite."—The Earl of Kimberley, speaking on Wednesday at the annual dinner of Associated Chambers of Commerce, said that in the Transvaal the Government would vindicate the authority of the Crown, and then they would show an earnest desire to meet the fair and reasonable wishes of those with whom they now had to deal as enemies. Alluding to the persistent obstruction in Parliament, he declared his confidence that the Opposition would support the Government in its attempt to save the greatest of institutions from falling into disrepute.—On the same day a Conservative demonstration took place at the Crystal Palace, at which Mr. Morgan Howard, Q.C., was presented with a handsome testimonial for his services as a candidate for Lambeth in the last three Parliamentary contests. Lord Cranbrook, who was the chief speaker, dwelt on the necessity for party organisation, and said that Conservatives could not exert themselves to better effect than endeavouring to send to the House of Commons gentlemen who would know how to maintain its tone and to put down those who rebelled against its rules.

**MR. GLADSTONE AND THE PEERAGE.**—The secretary of the Midlothian Liberal Association having written to the Premier, asking whether there was any truth in the reports that on account of failing health he was about to accept a peerage, has received a reply to the effect that the rumour is perfectly groundless.

**FENIAN ALARMS.**—Precautionary measures continue to be taken at all military depots, barracks, &c., in view of possible Fenian attacks, and all sorts of rumours are afloat as to intended outrages. The only definite statement this week is that the brass unions and connexions belonging to the fire hose at Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth, were a few nights ago cut from the pipes and stolen.

**MORE HIGH TIDES IN THE THAMES** have taken place this week, though that of Wednesday, which Captain Saxby had predicted would be the highest, did not reach the level of that on the preceding day, when many wharves were flooded on the south side of the river from Barnes to Rotherhithe, and in some places the water found its way into the streets and houses. The Board of Works have issued a circular to owners and occupiers of premises along the river bank, urging them to raise or otherwise protect the river frontage to the height of 5ft. 6in. above Trinity high water mark, the high tide of the 18th ult. having been 5ft. above that level. This latter statement is, however, disputed by Mr. A. Manning, C.E. to the East and West India Dock Company, who declares that on that day the highest level was but 4ft. 4½in. above Trinity high water mark.

**THE SOLWAY FIRTH VIADUCT**, an iron railway bridge of more than a mile in length, has been partially destroyed by the sudden thaw and high tide, huge blocks of ice being carried against it by the current with great velocity and force. The first damage was done on Saturday to one of the supporting pillars, when watchmen were set on and the trains were stopped. It is fortunate that this precaution was taken, for by Monday several of the supports had been carried away by the tide, and in places the girders were left entirely unsupported except by the bolts and plates which held them together, and on Tuesday these had given way, leaving two huge gaps in the bridge 250 feet and 100 feet in length respectively. Such an accumulation of ice in the Firth is unprecedented. At one time the floe was a mile in breadth, some of the blocks of ice of which it was composed being ten feet to twelve feet in thickness.

**MR. EDWARD WHYMPER** on Tuesday delivered before the members of the Alpine Club a lecture describing his ascents of Chimborazo and Cotopaxi, and at its close was accorded a vote of thanks on the proposition of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who was amongst those present.

**THE COLLIERS' STRIKE.**—The colliers in the Wigan district remain firm, and work cannot be resumed even by those who are willing, through the terrorism which prevails. Troops and police are stationed in the affected districts, and special trains are kept in readiness for the transport of infantry and cavalry at a moment's notice. Several serious riots have already occurred, in one of which a man was killed. The station-master at Lime Street Station, Liverpool, has received a letter threatening that if the London and North Western Railway do not cease bringing coals from the other districts into Lancashire the colliers will tear up the rails.

**THE LOSS OF THE "ATALANTA."**—On Wednesday Messrs. Lloyd's agent at Plymouth telegraphed that the *Girl of Devon*, from Zante, had arrived there, having on board the figure-head of H.M.S. *Atalanta*.

**MR. THOMAS CARLYLE** has for some days been lying dangerously ill at his house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, and daily bulletins have been issued as to his condition by Dr. J. T. MacLagan, his attendant physician.

**OBITUARY.**—Amongst the deaths announced this week are those of Mrs. S. C. Hall, the veteran authoress; Mr. George Danson, the scenic artist; and Mr. T. Darton, the well-known children's book publisher.



**HAPPY BEAUMARIS!** Not a single funeral took place there during the past quarter, while in the corresponding quarter of the previous year there was not one death registered.

**THE ROYAL ACADEMY** elected three more Associates last week—Messrs. J. Brett and A. Gow, painters, and Mr. W. Burges, architect. In May an Academician will be chosen.

**A FEMININE WAR CORRESPONDENT** is the latest novelty of the age. A Manchester paper states that Lady Florence Dixie intends to follow up her Patagonian experiences by going out to the Cape as war correspondent of the *Morning Post*.

**NEWSVENDORS' BENEVOLENT AND PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.**—The annual general meeting of this institution will be held at the office, 23, Martin's Lane, Cannon Street, City, on Tuesday, 8th February, at 6.30 P.M. Mr. Horace Cox, vice-president, will take the chair.

**THE FREE LIBRARY AT RICHMOND** is finished, and will shortly be opened, the residents having presented several thousand volumes, and voted 500*l.* for the purchase of a further supply. Encouraged by this success, Kingston and Wimbledon are planning similar institutions.

**THE ROMAN CARNIVAL** is expected to be particularly brilliant this year. The ex-Khedive of Egypt and two Russian Grand Dukes intend to appear in splendid costumes and equipages, and the Corso will be extended up the Via Nazionale, which is to be brilliantly lighted with gas and electricity. Some 250*l.* will be given away as prizes to the best masquers.

**A LARGE PARLIAMENT HOUSE**, on the site of the ruins of the Tuileries, has been suggested in Paris, in order to unite under one roof the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, now most inconveniently separated. Should this scheme prove too costly—600,000*l.* and five years' time would be required—it is proposed to move the Senate from the Luxembourg to the Foreign Office, which is close to the Palais Bourbon, where the Lower House sits.

**MIDLE. SARAH BERNHARDT'S DEATH SCENES** have greatly impressed Transatlantic doctors, and the *New York Medical Record* remarks that "we must confess to having seen few in real life which moved us so deeply. The death struggles, we may say, were remarkably life-like in a certain sense. We have never seen their equal in real death. We may recommend the profession to study the phenomena of the histrionic death as shown by Middle. Bernhardt, for a physician may practise all his life and never see anything like them."

**A PORTUGUESE POMPEII** has been unearthed within the last few years, near Braga, in the north of the kingdom. These ruins, called Santarem and Citania, cover entire hills, the most important being the Citania di Briteiros, supposed to be of Celtic origin, according to *Nature*. Here the circular walls, streets, monuments, and many houses, have retained their typical form, and show a somewhat advanced state of art and industry. The sculptures and inscriptions covering their monuments are said to resemble those of India and China, thus suggesting that the tribes who built the cities had emigrated from Turan. The Citania lay buried for twenty-one centuries.

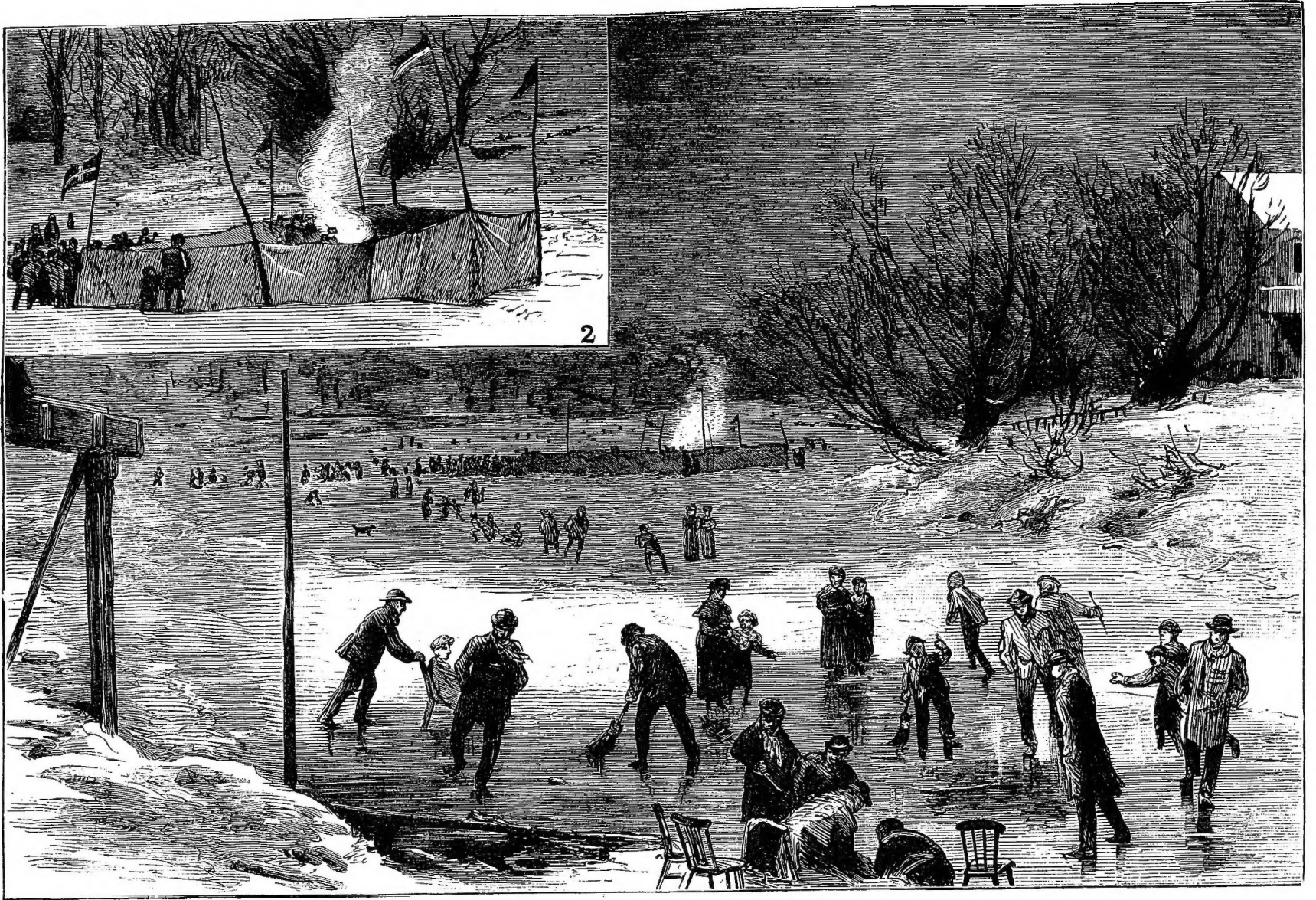
**CHRISTMAS AT A LONDON POST OFFICE** is well known to be a busy time, but few people form an adequate idea of the enormous and yearly increasing extra strain on the officials. We learn from the *City Press* that during the Christmas season there were 11½ millions of extra letters, exclusive of "registered," the latter class numbering 183,124—some 25,594 above the usual amount—while the extra postage was estimated at 55,902*l.* On Christmas Eve alone there were 240 sacks of extra registered letters, while during the whole of that night 1,324 men were fully occupied, whereas in ordinary times some 196 are busy until midnight. By 10.30 A.M. on Christmas Day the letters filled 1,000 sacks over and above the usual quantity. Some 178 extra hands were engaged from December 22nd, and the largest number of men employed at one time in the office was 2,542.

**THE STATUE OF MINERVA**, lately found at Athens, has now been minutely described to the Paris Académie des Inscriptions. It was found in a small tiled recess of an underground room, apparently belonging to the Roman epoch. Chiselled out of beautifully polished Paros marble, the small statue is in admirable preservation, the face in particular, while the eyes, lips, hair, &c., are coloured. The goddess wears the Attic helmet, surmounted by a sphinx, a long tunic hangs down to her feet, as well as a super-tunic clasped round the waist by a belt of snakes, the *Aegis*, bordered by serpents, guards her breast, and below hangs the Gorgon's Head in the shape of a lunar disc. The left hand rests on a shield, also adorned with Medusa's head, while a serpent appears underneath, and in her right hand she holds a Victory with closed wings, clasping a garland in either hand. This Victory is somewhat stiff, as if strictly imitated from a very ancient model, and is held in such a manner that it is supposed Minerva was offering it to Athens.

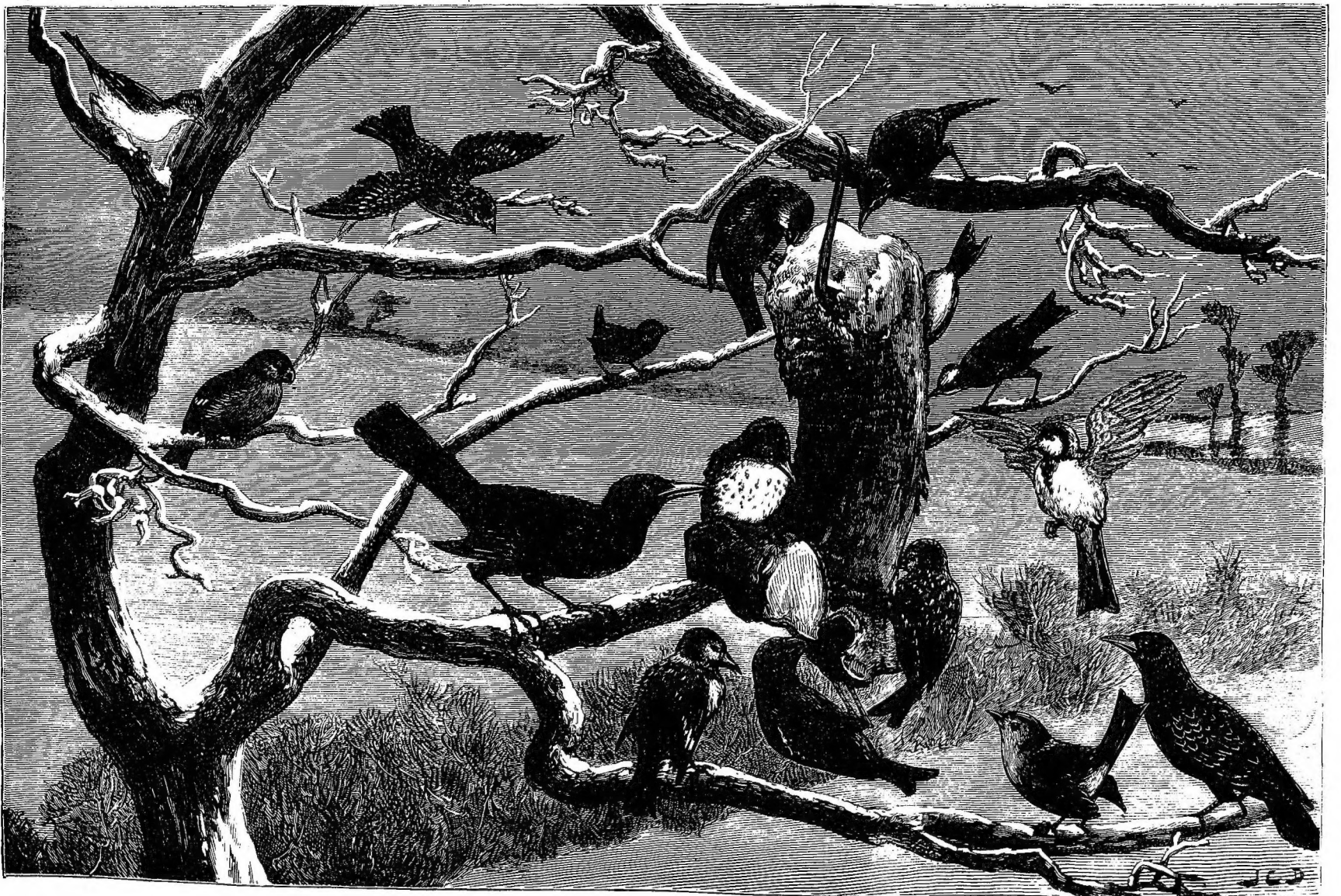
**LONDON MORTALITY** still further increased, and 2,114 deaths were registered against 2,016 during the previous seven days, an increase of 98, being 347 above the average, and at the rate of 29·8 per 1,000, and exceeding the rate in any week since the middle of February, 1880. These deaths include 52 from small-pox (an increase of 10), 28 from measles (a decline of 24), 45 from scarlet fever (an increase of 1), 8 from diphtheria (a decline of 1), 43 from whooping-cough (an increase of 12), 2 from typhus fever, 12 from enteric fever, 5 from continued fever, 8 from diarrhoea (a decline of 4), 2 from dysentery, and 702 from diseases of the respiratory organs, showing an increase of 85, this increase being due to the continued low temperature, exceeding the average by 2·49. There were 2,864 births registered, against 2,192 the previous week, exceeding the average by 196. The mean temperature of the air was 32·5 deg, being 7·4 below the average, the coldest day being Wednesday, when the mean was only 23·5 deg., and 16·4 below the average.

**THE WELL-KNOWN BELGIAN ARTIST** Eugène Verboeckhoven, who died on January 19th, aged eighty-three, at Brussels, first studied with his father, a noted sculptor for years. He ultimately, however, left the chisel for the brush, and it is as an animal painter (particularly cattle) that he gained for himself universal admiration. He was a wonderfully productive artist, among his best known works are: "Le Convoi de Chevaux attaqué par les Loups," which is in the Gallery of the King of the Belgians, "Souvenir d'Ecosse," "L'Etalon Arabe," "Rubens à Cheval," &c., also "Campagne de Rome," and "Moutons surpris par l'Orage," which belong the Musée Royale of Brussels. M. Verboeckhoven was Member of the Royal Academy of Belgium, of the Commission of Directors of the Royal Museums of Painting and Sculpture of Belgium; of the Royal Academy of Antwerp, Ghent, and St. Petersburg; Commander of the Orders of Leopold, of Francis Joseph of Austria, Chevalier of the Order of the Legion of Honour of France, of the Merit of St. Michael of Bavaria, of Christ of Portugal. He also possessed the "Croix de Fer," which he received for his patriotic services during the Belgian Revolution of 1830. M. Verboeckhoven was buried with military honours, and his funeral was largely attended by men of rank and mark.





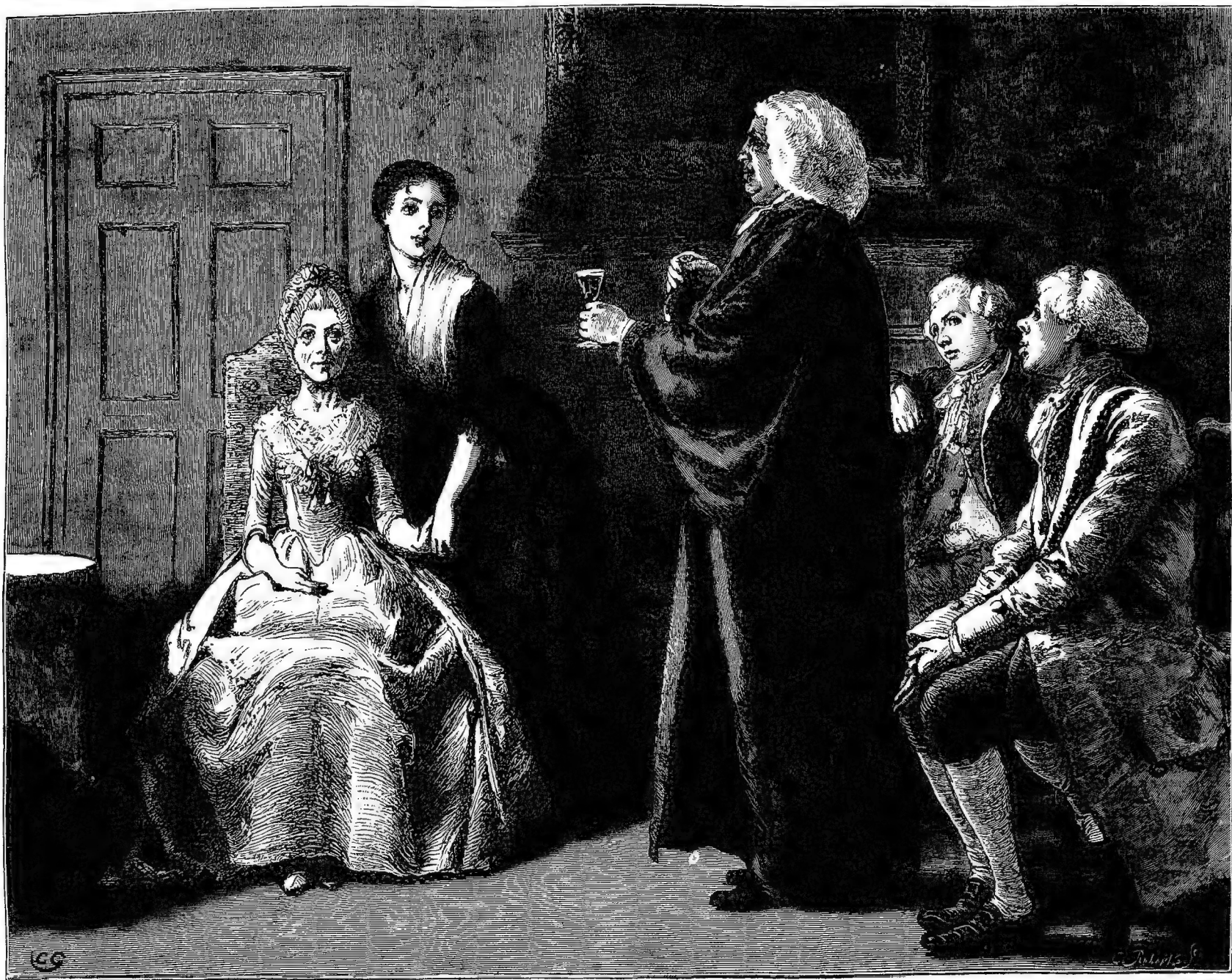
1. Skating on the River.—2. Roasting the Sheep.  
THE FROZEN THAMES AT TWICKENHAM



OUT-DOOR RELIEF

THE LATE FROST





DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

I put out such glasses as we had, and then I stood beside Mrs. Esther's chair and took her hand in mine.

## THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOUR," "THE MONKS OF THELEMA," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### HOW MRS. ESTHER WAS DISCHARGED

AFTER poor Mrs. Deborah's death my lessons came to a sudden stop, and have never been resumed. Some of that perspicacity of style which I have often admired in our modern divines might have fallen to my lot, to enrich this narrative, had I continued in my course of single and double book-keeping.

"I am not clever," said Mrs. Esther, "like Deborah. She was always the clever one as well as the beauty. That gave her a right to her little tempers, poor dear. I cannot teach astronomy, because one star is to me exactly like another. Nor do I know aught about book-keeping, except that it is a very useful and necessary science. Therefore, Kitty, thou must go untaught. For that matter, I think you know as much as a woman need ever know, which is to read, to write—but one ought not to expect of a woman such exactness in spelling as of a scholar—and to cipher to such a moderate degree as may enable her to add up her bills. But it grieves me to think you are growing up so tall and straight without learning how to make so much as a single cordial, or any strong waters. And with our means, what chance of teaching you to toss a pancake, fold an omelette, or dish a Yorkshire pudding?"

It was then that we began to console ourselves for my ignorance, our troubles, and even, I bear mind, for our late sad loss, by reading "Clarissa," a book which the doctor, ever watchful in the interests of virtue, presented to Mrs. Esther with a speech of condolence. He said that it was a work whose perusal could not fail most strongly to console her spirit and to dispose her for resignation; while for purity of morals, for justice of observation, and for knowledge of the human heart, it was unequalled in any language. He then made a digression, and compared the work with the ancient Greek romances. Adventure, he said, was to be found in Heliodorus, and the story told by Apuleius of Cupid and Psyche was exquisitely pathetic; yet none of the earlier writers could be compared, or even named in the same breath, with Mr. Richardson, who reminded him especially of Sophocles, in the tenderness with which he prepared the minds of his audience for the impending tragedy which he could not alter or abate, seeing that it was the will of Necessity. There was nothing, he went on to say, more calculated to inspire or to strengthen sentiments of virtue in the breasts of the young—and especially in the young of the feminine sex—than a contemplation of Clarissa's virtue and Lovelace's wickedness. We were greatly edified by these praises, coming from so great a scholar and one so eminently fitted to discourse on virtue. We received the work, prepared (so far as I was concerned) to partake of food for reflection of the satisfying kind (so that the reader quickly lays aside the work while he medi-

tates for a few days on what he has read), which is supplied by the pious "Drelincourt on Death," Hervey's "Meditations Among the Tombs," or Young's "Night Thoughts."

"After dinner, my dear," said Mrs. Esther, "you shall read it aloud to me. Do not stop if I shut my eyes in order to hear the better. These good books should be carefully listened to, and read very slowly. Otherwise their lessons may be overlooked, and this would be a sad pity after all the good doctor's trouble in first reading the book for us. What scholarship, Kitty! and what a passion, nay, what an ardour, for virtue animates that reverend heart!"

I cannot but pause here to ask whether if Mr. Richardson had chosen to depict to the life the character of a clergyman, who had fallen into such ways as my uncle, with his sins, his follies, his degradation, the doctor would himself have laid it to heart? Alas! I fear not. We know not ourselves as we are; we still go dreaming we are something better than we seem to others; we have a second and unreal self; the shafts of the satirist seem to pierce the hearts of others. I am sure that many a Lovelace, fresh from the ruin of another Clarissa (if, indeed, there could be another creature so incomparable), must have read this great romance with tears of pity and indignation. Otherwise the race of Lovelaces would long since have become extinct.

We received, therefore, "Clarissa," expecting edification, but not joy. We even put it aside for a week, because Mrs. Esther hardly felt herself, at first, strong enough to begin a new book, which might flood her mind with new ideas and make her unsettled. At last, however, she felt that we must no longer postpone obeying the doctor.

"Only a short chapter, my dear, to begin with. Heavens! how shall we struggle through eight long volumes?"

I shall be ever thankful that it was my duty to read these dear delightful pages of this great romance. You may judge of our joy when we read on, day after day, hurrying over household work in the morning, neglecting our walks abroad, and wasting candlelight in the evening the more to enjoy it. We laid aside the book from time to time while we wept over the author's pathetic scenes. Oh, the horrid usage of poor Clarissa! Was ever girl more barbarously served? Was ever man so wicked as her lover? Were parents ever so blinded by prejudice? Had girl ever so unkind a brother—ever so perverse a sister? I thought of her all day long, and at night I dreamed of her: the image of Clarissa was never absent from my brain.

Everything in the book was as real to me as the adventures of Robinson Crusoe or those of Christian on his pilgrimage from the City of Destruction. So long as the reading of this immortal book lasted—we read page after page twice, thrice, or four times over, to get out of them the fullest measure of sympathy, sorrow, and

delight—we loved with Clarissa: her sorrows were ours: we breathed and talked Clarissa: Mrs. Esther even prayed, I believe—though the book was already printed, and therefore it was too late for prayer—that the poor, sweet innocent might escape the clutches of her wicked lover, who, sure, was more a demon than a man: we carried the thought of Clarissa even to church with us.

We invited our friends to share with us this new-found joy. Solomon Stallabras was always ready to weep with us over a dish of tea. Never any man had a heart more formed for the tenderest sensibility. Pity that his nose was so broad and so much turned up! Otherwise, this natural tenderness might have been manifested in his countenance. While I read he gazed upon my face, and was fain, from time to time, to draw forth his handkerchief and wipe the tears from his streaming eyes.

"Stop, Miss Kitty!" he would say; "let us pause awhile: let us come back to virtue and ourselves. It is too much: the spectacle of so much youth and beauty, so much innocence—the fate of our poor Clarissa—read by a nymph whose lot is so below her merits—it is too much, Mrs. Pimpernel—it is indeed!"

In some way, while I read, this poet, whose imagination, as became his profession, was strong, mixed up Clarissa with myself, and imagined that my ending might be in some way similar to that of the heroine. Now, with Solomon Stallabras, to think was to believe. Nothing was wanting but a Lovelace. I believe that he waited about the market in hopes of finding him lurking in some corner. Perhaps he even suspected poor Sir Miles. Had he found him, he assured Mrs. Esther, he fully intended to pierce him to the heart with a spit or skewer from one of the butcher's stalls; adding that it would be sweet for him to die, even from the cart of Tyburn, for my sake. But no Lovelace was trying to make me leave my shelter with Mrs. Esther.

Sometimes Sir Miles Lackington came to join in the reading, but we found him wanting in sensibility. Without that quality, Richardson's novels cannot be enjoyed. He inclined rather to the low humour which makes men enjoy Fielding's "Tom Jones," or Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle"—works full, no doubt, of a coarse vitality which some men like, but quite wanting in the delicate shades of feeling that commend an author to the delicacy of gentlewomen. And to think that old Samuel Richardson was nothing but a printer by trade! Heaven, which denied this most precious gift of creation to such tender and poetic souls as that of Solomon Stallabras, vouchsafed to bestow it upon a printer—a mechanical printer, who, if he was not paid for setting up type himself, yet employed common workmen, superintended their labours, paid them their wages, and put profits into his purse. It seems incredible, but then Shakespeare was only an actor.



"The sunshine of genius," said Solomon, "falls upon the children of the lowly as well as those of the rich. I am myself a scion of Fetter Lane."

Sometimes, indeed, Sir Miles Lackington was so wanting in delicacy, and so rude, as to laugh at us for our tears.

"You cry over Richardson," he said; "but if I were to bring you 'Tom Jones,' I warrant you would laugh."

"Tom Jones," said Mrs. Esther, "is clearly a work of coarseness. Ladies do not wish to laugh. The laws of decorum forbid unrestrained mirth to females of good breeding. Fielding may suit the pewter pots of the tavern; Richardson goes best with the silver service of the mansion."

We looked about us as if our room was the mansion, and our cupboard was lined with silver dishes.

Sir Miles laughed again.

"Give me a pewter mug well filled and often filled," he said, "with 'Tom Jones' to bear it company, and I ask no more. 'Clarissa' and the silver service may remain with you, ladies. Strange, however, that folk should prefer a printer to a gentleman. Why, Fielding comes of an honourable house."

"Gentle blood," replied Mrs. Esther, "does not, unfortunately, always bring the gifts of poetry and sensibility. You are yourself of gentle birth, Sir Miles, yet you own that you love not Richardson. Many great authors have been of lowly extraction, and Mr. Stallabras was saying finely but yesterday, that the sunshine of genius falls upon the children of the poor as often as upon those of the rich."

Solomon inclined his head and coloured; Sir Miles laughed again in his easy fashion.

"But," he said, "Mr. Richardson knows nothing about the polite *ton*. His men are master tradesmen disguised in swords and scarlet coats; they are religious tradesmen, wicked tradesmen, and so forth; but they are not gentlemen; they cannot talk, think, or walk, write, or act like gentlemen. If we want to read about polite society, let us at least ask gentlemen to write for us."

Sir Miles read little, yet his judgment was generally right, and since I have seen the society of which Richardson wrote, I have learned that he was right in this case; for Richardson, pathetic and powerful as he is, had certainly never been among the class whose manners and conversation he attempted to portray.

Presently we finished "Clarissa" with floods of tears. I believe that no book was ever written which has caused so many tears as this work. Just then it was about the end of the year; we had already eaten our Christmas plum porridge in the darkest and dearest time of the year, the time when fogs fall over the town by day and stop all work; when nights are long and days short; when the market was quiet at night because it was too cold to stand about or to lie in the open; when all the fighting and brawling were over before five o'clock, and the evenings were tranquil though they were long. It was just after we ended our book, and we were still tearful under its influence, that our deliverance came to us.

I think it was on the 31st of December in that same year of grace, seventeen hundred and fifty, in which I had come to the Liberties, and twenty-nine full years with some eleven months since the poor ladies had been incarcerated. I well remember the day, though not certain of the date. It was evening; we had finished work: supper was on the table when we should care to take it—bread and an excellent Dutch cheese; the candle was extinguished, and we were sitting before the fire. Mrs. Esther was talking, as women love sometimes to talk, about the little things they remember: she was telling me—not for the first time—of the great frost of 1714, when she was a young girl, and of the fair which they held upon the ice; of the dreadful scare there was in 1718 from the number of highwaymen and footpads, for whose apprehension the Government offered as much as 100*l.* a head; of Orator Henley, who began to preach in Clare Market shortly after the ladies came to the Fleet; of the dreadful storm in 1739, which killed the famous colony of sparrows in the Mile End Road; of the long frost of 1739, when from Christmas unto February the poor watermen and fishermen could not earn a single penny; of the fever of 1741; of the banishment of papists before the Pretender's landing in 1744; of the great Rebellion of 1745, when the City so nobly did its duty.

"My dear," she said, "we, that is the citizens, because the prisoners of the Fleet and the persons who enjoy the Liberties could hardly be expected to contribute money or aught but prayers—and most of the poor creatures but little used to praying!—raised twelve thousand shirts with as many garments to correspond, ten thousand woollen caps (to serve, I suppose, as night-caps for our brave fellows when they slept in the open air), ten thousand pairs of stockings, twelve thousand gloves, a thousand blankets—which only makes one blanket for twelve men, but I hope they took turns about—and nine thousand spatterdashies. There was a camp on Finchley Common, of which we heard but did not visit; the militia were kept in readiness—a double watch was set at every one of the City gates; there were some in the Liberties who thought that a successful invasion of England might lead to the burning of account-books, registers, ledgers, and warrants, in which case we might all get out and keep out. For my own part, my dear, and for my sister Deborah's part, I am happy to say that we preferred the Protestant Succession even to our own freedom, and wished for no such lawless ending to a captivity, however unjust, but prayed night and day for the confusion of the young Pretender. Happily our prayers were answered, and great George preserved."

Then we talked of the past year, how it had brought Mrs. Esther a daughter—as she was good enough to say—and taken away a sister. She cried a little over her loss, but presently recovered, and taking my hand in hers, said many kind and undeserved things to me, who had been often petulant and troublesome: as that we must not part, who had been so strangely brought together, unless my happiness should take me away from the Fleet (I thought, then, of my husband, and wondered if he would ever come to take me away), and then said that as we were at New Year's Eve, we should make good resolutions for the next year, which were to be kept resolutely, not broken and thrown away; that for her part, she designed, if I agreed and consented to the change, to call me niece, and I should call her aunt, by which mutual adoption of each other our affection and duty one towards the other would be strengthened and founded, as it were, on a sure and stable basis.

"Not, my dear," she added, "that you can ever call yourself a Pimpnel—an honour granted to few—or that you should ever wish to change your name; but in all other respects you shall be the same as if you were indeed my own niece, the daughter of my brother (but I never had one) or sister (but I had only one, and she was as myself). Truly the Pleydells are a worthy family of whom we have no need to be ashamed."

I was assuring her that nothing could alter my love and gratitude for her exceeding kindness, when we heard footsteps and voices on the stairs, and presently a knock at the door, and the doctor stood before us. Behind him were Sir Miles Lackington and Solomon Stallabras.

"Madam," said the doctor, "I wish you a good evening, with the compliments of the season. Merry as well as happy may you be next year."

I declare that directly I saw his face, my heart leaped into my mouth. I *know* that he was come with great and glorious news. For his eyes glowed with the light of some suppressed knowledge, and a capacious smile began with his lips and glowed over the vast expanse of his ruddy cheeks.

"Merry, doctor—no. But happy if God will."

"Ta! ta! ta! we shall see," he replied. "Now, madam, I have a thing to say which will take some time to say. I have taken

the liberty of bringing with me a bottle of good old port, the best to be procured, which strengthens the nerves and acts as a sovereign cordial in cases of sudden excitement. Besides, it is to-night New Year's Eve, when all should rejoice." He produced the bottle from under his gown and placed it on the table. "I have also taken the liberty to bring with me our friends and well-wishers, Sir Miles Lackington and Mr. Stallabras, partly to—to—" here he remembered that a corkscrew was not likely to be among our possessions—"to draw the cork of the bottle, a thing which Sir Miles does with zeal and propriety." The baronet with great gravity advanced and performed the operation by a dexterous handling of the poker, which detached the upper part of the neck. "So," continued the doctor; "and partly that they, too, who have been so long our true and faithful friends, may hear what I have to say, and so that we may all rejoice together, and, if need be, sing psalms with merry hearts."

Merry hearts? Were we to sing psalms with merry hearts in the place where for thirty years every day had brought with it its own suffering and disgrace to this poor lady?

Yet, what news could the doctor have which made his purple face so glad, as if the sunlight instead of our fire of cannel coal was shining full upon it?

"Kitty, child," he went on, "light candles: not one candle—two candles, three candles, four candles—all the candles you have in the place; we will have an illumination. Sir Miles, will you please to sit? Mr. Stallabras, will you take Kitty's chair? She will be occupied in serving. Glasses, child, for this honourable company. Why"—he banged his fist upon the table, but with consideration, for it was not so strong as his own great table—"why, I am happier this night than ever I have been before, I think, in all my life. Such a story as I have to tell!"

I placed on the table the three candlesticks which formed all our stock, and set candles in them and lit them. I put out such glasses as we had, and then I stood beside Mrs. Esther's chair and took her hand in mine. I knew not what to expect, yet I was certain that it was something very good for Mrs. Esther. Had it been for me, the doctor would have sent for me; or for himself, he would have told it without this prodigality of joy. Surely it must be for my good patron and protector! My pulses were bounding, and I could see that Mrs. Esther, too, was rapidly rising to the same excitement.

"Certain I am," said Sir Miles, "that something has happened. Doctor, let us quickly congratulate you. Let us drink your health. I burn to drink some one's health."

"Should something have happened," said the poet, "I would it were something good for ladies who shall be nameless."

"Stay," said the doctor. He stood while the rest were sitting. He thus increased the natural advantage of his great proportions. "We are not yet come to the drinking of healths. But, Mrs. Pimpnel, I must first invite you, before I go on with what I have to say, to take a glass of this most generous vintage. The grapes which produced it grew fat and strong in thinking of the noble part they were about to fulfil: the sunshine of Spain passed into their juices and filled them with the spirit of strength and confidence: that spirit lies imprisoned in the bottle before us—"

"It does—it does!" murmured Sir Miles, gazing thoughtfully at the bottle.

"He ought to have been a poet!" whispered Solomon. The doctor looked round impatiently, and swept the folds of his gown behind him with a large gesture.

"For what did the grapes rejoice? Why was the vintage more than commonly rich? Because in the fulness of time it was destined to comfort the heart and to strengthen the courage of a most worthy and cruelly tried lady. Indeed, Mrs. Pimpnel, wonderful are the decrees of heaven! Drink, madam."

He poured out a glass of wine and handed it to her. She stared in his face almost stupidly; she was trying to repress a wild thought which seized her; her lips were parted, her gaze fixed, her hands trembling.

"Drink it, madam," ordered the doctor.

"What is it? oh! what is it?" she cried.

"Drink the wine, madam," said Sir Miles, kindly. "Believe me, the wine will give you courage."

I took the glass and held it to her lips, while she drank submissively.

"With a bottle of port before him," said Sir Miles, encouragingly, "a man may have patience for anything. With the help of such a friend, would I receive with resignation and joy, good fortune for myself or disasters to all my cousins, male and female. Go on, doctor. The lady hath taken one glass to prepare her palate for the next."

"Patience, now," said the doctor, "and silence, all of you. Solomon Stallabras, if you like me again to a poet, you shall leave this room, and lose the joy of hearing what I have to tell."

"It is now some three months that the thought came into my mind of investigating the case of certain prisoners lying forgotten in the prison, or dragging along a wretched existence in the Rules. It matters not what these cases were, or how I have sped in my search. One case, however, has filled me with gratitude and joy because—madam," he turned suddenly on poor Mrs. Esther, "you will please to listen patiently. This case concerns the unhappy fate of two poor ladies. Their history, gentlemen—oh! why could he not get on faster?"—is partly known to you. They were daughters of a most worthy and respected City merchant who, in his time, served many civic offices with dignity and usefulness, including the highest. He was a benefactor to his parish, beautified his church, and died leaving behind him two young daughters, the youngest of whom came of age in the year 1720. To each of them he left a large fortune, no less than twenty thousand pounds. Alas! gentlemen, this money, placed in the hands of their guardian and trustee, a friend as honourable as the late Lord Mayor himself, the ladies' father, namely Alderman Medlicott, was in the year 1720 shamefully pillaged and stolen by the alderman's clerk, one Christopher March, inasmuch that (the alderman having gone mad by reason of his losses) the poor girls had no longer any fortune or any friends to help, for in that bad time most all the merchants were hit, and every one had to look after himself as best he could. Also this plundering villain had so invested part of their money in their own name by forgeries, as to make them liable for large sums which they had not the means of paying. They were therefore arrested and confined in the prison hard by, where under the rule of the rogue Bambridge they suffered many things which it is painful to recall or to think about. Presently, however, that tormentor and plague of the human race—*captivorum flagellum*—scourge of innocent captives and languishing debtors, having been mercifully removed, and having hung himself like Judas and so gone to his own place, these ladies found the necessary security which ensures for all of us this partial liberty, with the opportunity, should we embrace it, of improving the golden hours. In other words, gentlemen, they came out of the prison, and have ever since dwelt amongst us in this place.

"Gentlemen, we have with us here many improvident and foolish persons who have mostly by their own misconduct reduced themselves to our unhappy condition. It needs not that in this place, which is not a pulpit, I should speak of those who have gambled away their property"—Sir Miles shook his head—"or drank it away"—Sir Miles stared straight at the ceiling—"or have missed their chances, or been forgotten by Fortune"—Mr. Stallabras groaned. "Of these things I will not speak. But it is a thing notorious to all of us that the Liberties are not the chosen home of virtue. Here temperance, sobriety, morality, gentle words, courteous bearing,

truth, honour, kindness of thought, and charity—which seeketh not her own—are rarely illustrated and discourteously entreated. Wherefore, I say, that for two ladies to have steadfastly resisted all the temptations of this place, and to have exhibited, so that au might copy, the exemplar of a perfect Christian life during thirty years, is a fact which calls for the gratitude as well as the astonishment of the wondering Rules."

"He ought to have been a—" began Solomon Stallabras, wiping a sympathetic tear, but caught the doctor's frowning eye and stopped; "an—an archbishop," he added presently, with a little hesitation.

"Sir," said the doctor, "you are right. I ought to have been an archbishop. Many an archbishop's Latin verses have been poor indeed compared with mine. But to proceed, Madam, I would fain not be tedious."

"Oh, sir," said Mrs. Esther, whose brain seemed confused with this strange exordium.

"After thirty years or thereabouts of most undeserved captivity and forced retirement from the polite world—which they were born to adorn—these ladies found themselves by the will of Providence forced to separate. One of them winged her glad flight to heaven, the other was permitted to remain awhile below. It was then that I began to investigate the conditions of their imprisonment. Madam," he turned suddenly to Mrs. Esther, so that she started in her chair and trembled violently, "think of what you would most wish: name no trifling matter; it is not a gift of a guinea or two, the bettering of a meal, the purchase of a blanket, the helping of a poor family; no boon or benefit of a day or two. Let your imagination rove, set her free, think boldly, aim high, think of the best and most desirable thing of all."

She tried to speak, her lips parted; she half rose, catching at my hand: but her words were refused utterance; her cheek grew so pale and white that I thought she would have swooned, and seized in my arms, being so much stronger and bigger. Then I ventured to speak, being moved myself to a flood of tears.

"Oh, madam! dear madam! the doctor is not jesting with you; he hath in his hands the thing that we desire most of all. He brings you, I am sure, great news—the greatest. Oh, sir"—I spoke now for her who was struck dumb with hope, fear, and astonishment—"what can this poor lady want but her release from this dreadful place? What can she pray for, what can she ask, morning and night, after all these years of companionship with profligates, spend-thrifts, rogues, and villains, the noisy market-people, the poor suffering women and children of this den of infamy, but her deliverance? Sir, if you have brought her that, tell her so at once, to ease her mind."

"Well said, Kitty," cried Sir Miles. "Doctor, speak out."

"No poet—not even Alexander Pope—could have spoken more eloquently," cried Solomon Stallabras.

As for Mrs. Esther, she drew herself gently from me, and stood with her handkerchief in her hand, and tears in her eyes, her poor thin figure trembling.

"I have brought with me," said the doctor, taking her hand and kissing it, "the release of the most innocent prisoner in the world."

She steadied herself for a few moments. Then she spoke clearly and calmly.

"That," she said, "has ever been the utmost of my desire. I have desired it so long and vehemently (with my sister Deborah, to whom it has been granted) that it has become part of my very being. I have desired it, I think, even more than my sister. Thirty years have I been a prisoner in the Fleet, though for twenty-six in the enjoyment of these (so-called) Liberties. Gentlemen, you know full well what manner of life has been ours; you know the sights, the sounds, the wickedness of this place." Here Sir Miles hung his head.

"I am, as the doctor most kindly hath told you, a gentlewoman born; my father, besides being a great and honourable merchant of this most noble city of London, once Lord Mayor, an Alderman of Portoken Ward, and Worshipful Master of the Company of Army Scourers, was also a true Christian man, and taught us early the doctrines and virtues of the true faith. We were educated as heiresses; we were delicately brought up in the love of duty and religion; too delicately for women fated to herd with the worst, and bear the worst. It is, therefore, no merit of ours if we have behaved, according to our lights, as Christian gentlewomen. Yet, sirs, kind friends, it has been great unhappiness to us; bear with me a little, for when I think of my sister's sufferings, and my own, I fain must weep. It has been, believe me, great, great unhappiness."

I think we all wept with her. Yet it was astonishing to see with what quiet dignity she spoke, resuming, at a moment's notice, the air not only of a gentlewoman, which she had never lost, but of one who is no longer troubled by being in a false position, and can command, as well as receive, respect. I saw before me a great City lady, as she had been trained and brought up to be. Small though she was, her dignity made her tall—as her unmerited sufferings and patience made her great.

Sir Miles had laid his hand on the poet's shoulder.

"Great heaven!" he cried. "Canst thou weep any more over the misfortunes of Clarissa, with this poor lady's sorrows in thy recollection?"

The doctor wiped his eyes. But for those backslidings which we have already lamented, what an admirable character, how full of generosity, how full of sympathy, how kind of heart, was my uncle!

"Pray, madam," he said, "be seated again. Will you take another glass of wine?"

"No doctor," she replied. "This is now no case for the help of wine. Pray finish the story of your benevolent care."

"Why, madam, as for benevolence," he said, "I have but done what Sir Miles Lackington or Solomon Stallabras"—the poet spread his arms and tapped his breast—"would have done, had they possessed the power of doing; what, indeed, this crying slip of a girl would have done had she known how. Benevolence! Are we, then, Old Bailey prisoners, chained by the leg until the time comes for us to go forth to Tyburn Tree? Are we common rogues and vagabonds, that have no bowels? Can such a life as yours be contemplated with unmoved eyes? Is Sir Miles a Lovelace for hardness of heart? or Solomon Stallabras a salamander? Am I a Nero? Nay, madam, speak no more of benevolence. Know, then, that of all the people whom the conduct of the villain Christopher March with regard to your affairs injured, but two are left alive. The heirs of the rest are scattered and dispersed. These two have prospered, and are generous as well as old; their hearts melted at the tale of suffering; they have agreed together to give back to you not only the security which keeps you here, but also a formal release of your debt to them; you can go whenever you please."

"Why, then," shouted Sir Miles, grasping the bottle, "we can drink her—"

"Stay," said the doctor. "There is one thing more. This generous gift restores to you, not only liberty, but also your father's estate in Hertfordshire, worth six hundred pounds a year. And here, madam, are the papers which vouch for all. You have now your own estate, and are once more a gentlewoman of fortune and position."

She took the papers, and held them grasped tightly in her lap. "And now, gentlemen," said the doctor, gently taking the bottle from the baronet's hands, "we will drink—you, too, Kitty, my dear, must join—a happy new year to Mrs. Esther Pimpnel."

They drank it with no more words; and Sir Miles fell on his knees and kissed her hand, but without speaking aught.



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Mrs. Esther sat still and quiet, trying to recover herself; but the first eloquence would not return, and she could not speak for crying and sobbing. In broken words she said, while she caught the doctor's great hand and held it, that he had been, in very sooth, her guardian angel; that it was he who had rescued her sister and herself from the monster Bambridge and the horrors of the prison; that, but for him, they would long ago have starved; that, but for him, she should have languished for the rest of her days in the Rules. Then she prayed that God would reward the protector and defender of the poor.

The doctor drew away his hand, and, without a word, walked out of the room with hanging head, followed by Sir Miles and Mr. Stallabras.

"We shall go, my sweet Kitty; together we shall leave this dreadful place," she murmured when we were alone. "What is mine is yours, my child. Let us humbly to our knees."

(To be continued).

## PARTRIDGE HAWKING

SPORTSMEN who are fond of shooting partridges in winter, and who find them very difficult to get at, would not be doing amiss if they kept a trained peregrine merely for the purpose of flying it over the ground which they mean to walk. By doing so they would make the birds lie close for an hour or so, and yet would avoid the mischief which results from flying an artificial kite. For the kite does frighten partridges off an estate, whereas a real live hawk does not, as any one will testify who has kept and tried them both. It would not be difficult, by any means, for a man who was at all acquainted with the habits and nature of birds to fly a peregrine in this way, even if was not equal to the task of actually hawking partridges. For a peregrine, even of a very indifferent kind, which is useless for the chase, will often fly capitolly "to the lure"—that is to say, will circle and soar about in the air above the head of its master, and only descend when he thinks she has had enough exercise, and throws her food down for her on the ground. If he make his servant hold the hawk on the top of a neighbouring hill and then call her down to him by waving the lure she will give all the partridges within sight such a qualm as will keep them quiet for some time; and the process can easily be repeated in different places as occasion may require.

But a man who begins by doing this will be almost sure, as he gets to admire the flying powers of his hawk, her docility, her marvellous powers of vision, and her tremendous strength, to develop an ambition for a *bona fide* flight at a partridge. In an open country he will easily be able to accomplish this design; for partridge hawking is of all kinds of modern falconry the easiest and most sure. You must have good dogs, and a tolerably swift hawk which will mount well aloft, and then you can be safe of an occasional kill, though you will do better still if you have a small field of markers and a smart sure-footed shooting pony. The hawk to use is a peregrine—either male or female, but the smaller—the male—for choice; as the female, the true "falcon," should be reserved for the more difficult flight at grouse, black game, or rooks. A good fast-flying tiercel—that is the technical name for the male—either wild, caught in Holland in the way we lately described, or taken from the eyrie and well "hacked," will kill on a favourable day two brace of birds, or even more, and while he is doing so will give you, if you are on foot, a rare spell of exercise.

Let us describe, as briefly and with as little technical phraseology as may be, a flight with such a hawk, and see whether the sport which our ancestors so dearly loved deserves to be discarded.

The man who has a first-rate pointer—lucky fellow that he is!—must send him forward into the wide field over which he means to fly. The moment he stands to the birds, he must unhood his hawk and put him or her on the wing. The hawk will "mount" at once, flying in broad even circles two or three hundred yards wide, and as he goes up the men below will all walk forward towards the dog. Do not fear that either of them will spoil the other's game. They each know too well what is going on, and are much too keen to make a mistake. In fact, considering that the peregrines, if they are "eyasses," taken from the nest, have been flown at game from September, when they were first trained, till now, they are so well aware what is meant by the motionless dog, that they will mount so as to "make their pitch" right over his head, without attending much to what is done by their human friends below. A first-rate tiercel will mount to a height where he is almost out of sight. The better the hawk, the higher the pitch; for the doctrine *facilis descensus* applies to partridge-hawking as well as to more sublunary affairs. Up, then, he goes in easy spiral rings, and is hanging in mid air, as the birds, disturbed by the approaching footsteps, at last make up their minds to rise. They are cunning, though, and they will, as you may be sure, give themselves the best chance they can. They will choose the moment when your hawk, in making his airy circles, is furthest away from them and furthest down the wind, so that they may give him the greatest possible amount of lee way to make up before he can come down upon them. They can fly, too, these mid-winter partridges, for all that their wings are short, and their bodies so plump and heavy. The modern sportsman who is not a falconer has very absurd ideas about the relative power of flight of a hawk and the bird which he pursues. He thinks almost invariably that the speed of the former is about double that of the latter, whereas in point of fact there is not a great deal to choose between them. Start a full-grown partridge and a full-grown peregrine at an equal height from the ground; or rather start them each from the ground. Give the partridge a hundred yards start, and see how long it will be before the other catches him up. The inexperienced critic says two hundred yards; but the falconer knows that it will be more nearly half a mile. The advantage which the hawk has depends upon the height from which he starts above his quarry; and if you don't give him this advantage, or if he will not take it (which bad hawks won't) you will never kill your partridge. Why is the wild hawk so deadly a depredator, dreaded by every other bird which flies? Because he is always soaring or hovering at a vast height above the earth, and from that vantage place can come down like a thunderbolt upon the victim flitting along nearer the ground. Seat him on the earth upon a dead level with the other bird, and he will have but little chance of winning his daily meal.

There is such a thing, no doubt, even in these degenerate days, as hawking partridges with the short-winged hawks—*i.e.*, with goshawk or sparrow-hawk, and in this case the hawk is flown from the first—not a great way above the quarry. But then to kill birds in this way it is necessary to get pretty close to them before they rise. You may stalk them behind a hedge, with your hawk carried in the palm of your hand like a hand grenade; and, having got within fifty yards or so, throw her at them like a cricket ball. This is the Indian style, and hawks—the most intelligent of all flying creatures—soon know what you are doing with them. But then the flight is a regular stern chase, with none of the splendid dash which belongs to a peregrine's stoop from the clouds. The pursuer follows—Nisus and Euryalus fashion—in the wake of the pursued, and with unrelenting perseverance sticks to it to the death. Sometimes he will be speedy enough in the first *flan* of his eager flight to overtake the partridge as he flies; for short-winged hawks—the sparrow-hawk especially—are especially quick for the first quarter of a mile. But more often he will follow till the partridge has dropped at a hedge for shelter, and from thence, if the covert is not very thick, he will drag it forth without compunction. The long-winged hawks—gyr, peregrine,

and hobby—never condescend to this. If they cannot strike down their quarry in the air they will not deign to hunt for it on the ground. Thus, though the ancient falconers set great store by the hawks, which were grand fellows for filling "the bag," their modern descendants are less fond of this species, and pin their faith to the high-soaring "falcons," whose field of battle is the air alone, and who, if they kill at all, kill with the lightning impetus of their long slanting swoop from the sky.

E. B. M.



"A NOVEL OF INCIDENT" is the title-page description of "The Mysteries of Heron Dyke," by the author of "In the Dead of Night" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son). Not only is the description precisely just, but the book itself is a model of what a novel depending upon incident for its interest ought to be. The construction of the story is exceptionally admirable; so much so, that the more carefully it is read, the more credit will be found due to it on this score. The author appears to have Mr. Wilkie Collins's earlier skill of hand in dealing successfully with half-a-dozen mysteries together. It is much to be able to throw a practised novelist-reader off the scent in these days when almost the youngest connoisseurs in fiction has learned to be nearly as cunning as an old hound: but it is even more to satisfy reason and imagination alike with the close of a story which deals, if not with ghosts, yet with ghost-seers. These things the anonymous author has done to such good purpose that we certainly will not lessen by a single grain the interest that cannot fail to be ensured by leaving the "Mysteries of Heron Dyke" unrevealed. There are a good many very novel mysteries, whose only fault in management is that they are a little too independent of one another. But possibly that may be a part of the legitimate process of dividing the trail. In one respect a little more praise is due to the book than it claims. Though professing to deal with incident merely, many of its characters are excellently drawn, and with all the better effect from being subjected to no sort of mental and moral analysis after the modern manner. The style is good, straightforward, unaffected, and clear: the writer evidently felt that he had got hold of that rare thing, a good plot, and was wise enough to know that a good plot can take very good care of itself, without the help of rhetoric or psychology. A novel of plot and incident like "The Mysteries of Heron Dyke" has become rare enough to be thankful for.

Helen Wesché, in "Bound by the Law" (3 vols.: Ellissen and Co.), has not hit upon a particularly novel idea. The situation of a wife who falls in love with her own husband by mistake has been dealt with in such an infinite variety of forms that very great originality of treatment is needful to give it fresh interest. To a certain extent Helen Wesché has found a new way of arranging the pieces, but at a simply ruinous cost to probability. Another too common weakness in her plot is that all trouble would have been spared by the commonest sense on either side. It is impossible to sympathise with people who, for the sole purpose of working out an otherwise impossible plot, are made to behave like simpletons. Nor in this case is the plot worth the cost. For the rest, the novel, if it deserves but little praise, calls for no very serious blame, and may fairly satisfy a great many people who are too hungry for fiction to care much about the literary or artistic quality of their fare.

"Dumdumington Rectory," by the author of "Marriage à la Mode" (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), narrates, in a jocose manner, the adventures of two curates of opposite views in Church matters. The author shows his own ecclesiastical tendencies by making his Low Church curate a pattern of conceit, meanness, vulgarity, and folly; his Ritualist, the paragon of a Christian and a gentleman. In fact, all his Low Churchmen are of the former type, and all his Ritualists of the second. The fairness of the process, from a controversial point of view, is so obvious that we cannot possibly find anything to say of it one way or the other, beyond reminding the writer of Aesop's fable of the statue to the man who conquered the lion. A certain amount of bitterness tempers his very ponderous jocosity when he makes his undeserving curate a Canon or Archdeacon, with a mitre in view, while his model Ritualist dies obscurely in a foreign Mission. It is surely not impossible to call to mind High Church Canons and Low Church martyrs. Altogether, if the style of the story had the smallest amount of strength in it, its value as a contribution towards unity and charity would be but small. As it is, it is not likely to do either good or harm.

"Not Many Years Ago," by "An Elderly Bachelor" (Remington and Co.), is a sketch written from the same ecclesiastical point of view, but in a far better spirit, and with much able knowledge of the real questions at issue. "Novel" it cannot be called, for it obviously contains nine parts of fact to one of fiction. Except in Church matters, where he admits that advance has on the whole meant progress, we have seldom met with a more thorough-going *laudator temporis acti* than this "Elderly Bachelor," whose age we reckon, from internal evidence, to be something under forty. Neither children, nor great aunts, nor the prices of salmon and sole, nor the members of the House of Commons, are anything like what they used to be in his time. To prove his case, he enters into the daily life of a well-to-do and well-brought-up country family about thirty years ago, when he was a very little boy. Among an immense number of similarly striking facts we learn that if children, in those halcyon days, ate bacon for breakfast, they were not allowed to top up with marmalade, and that in no case were they allowed to dine without pinafors. All this will no doubt have intense interest for many very worthy people, while personal recollections of the immediate effects of the early days of the so-called Tractarian movement supply an element of really curious reading. The book is amusing if only for its extraordinary simplicity of thought and style, and something better than amusing for the earnest way in which it deals with the topics which are often not quite so trivial as they may appear.



THE WEATHER.—Thaw, at first slow, but quickly becoming rapid, with a decidedly mild temperature, has given back the water supply to town houses and traffic to city streets. Country lanes, however, are in a fearful state, for the soil is utterly rotten for six inches or more, and the expenditure of labour in drawing a few loads of corn from one village to another is enormous. Country School Boards, which do not exempt children unless they live at a very considerable distance, are to be charged with a great amount of suffering and illness; indirectly, doubtless, with many deaths among the children of the rural poor. Life in the country during the past month has been extraordinarily hard for the peasantry, and the energy of our clergy has been severely taxed. Terrible tales from exposure in one local paper dated Saturday last. Terrible tales of detention in trains on small local railways are heard in private circles. Utter disorganisation of railway, municipal, and parochial

authorities has made much worse weather that itself was bad enough even for English endurance.

POTATOES have suffered from the recent frosts. Large quantities are discovered to be as soft as rotten apples, while the eye-buds of a great proportion have been destroyed. At present potatoes are not dear, but cheapness for the future cannot be guaranteed. Other vegetables command very high rates.

NAILS AND TREES.—If leases stop some useful liberties of tenants, they also fail to restrain many small unjustifiable ones. Among petty injuries, few are more vexatious than the driving nails into trees, and using trees as straining posts. The tree is oftentimes injured while living, and when cut down for timber, the effect of an unlooked-for iron obstacle on the circular saw would provoke bad language from a Quaker. Manure heaps are sometimes banked up against trees, to their great detriment.

TITHES AND LANDLORDS.—A wise and generous action has been performed by Mr. A. T. Amhurst, M.P. for Norfolk. This landholder has agreed to pay the tithes for the last, this, and the next five years on all his Norfolk farms. A more satisfactory form of making a ten per cent. reduction of a permanent character is not to be found; and the Church is also to be congratulated. Farmers are generally Churchmen, but farming is now a hard pursuit, and the tithe strains their feelings of religious loyalty somewhat severely. It is at the request of certain of Mr. Amhurst's tenants that we note his kindly beneficence.

AN IRISH FARM in the North West, recently drained and reclaimed at a cost of 20l. per acre, is now offered in vain at eight shillings an acre yearly rent, while the owner discovers planting to be no good, as he cannot find sale for timber.

AGRICULTURAL TENANTS' COMPENSATION BILL.—This proposed measure, which may be taken as representing Whig as apart from Tory and Radical views on the question of landlord and tenant, is introduced by Sir Thomas Acland, and is backed by Mr. Duckham, Lord Moreton, Mr. Hussey Vivian, and Mr. Storey Maskelyne. It will receive the support of Mr. Hunter Rodwell, and many other Liberal-Conservatives.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE.—The total value of agricultural imports into this country in 1880 is ascertained to be 409,990,000l. against 362,127,000l. in 1879. A loss to the country, over and beyond previous losses, of 47,000,000l. is a serious matter, which becomes still more serious when we reflect that the 10,242,903l. spent on foreign cattle, the 8,750,508l. spent on foreign bacon, the 12,122,172l. spent on foreign butter, the 5,083,017l. spent on foreign cheese, the 2,241,310l. spent on foreign eggs, and the 2,761,686l. spent on foreign potatoes, might all have been saved us by quite possible home production. And this, accepting the 92,362,865l. cereal outlay as an altogether inevitable tax!

COVERED YARDS.—With the increase in pasturage and the decrease in arable on our farms, the necessity of constructing covering for farmyards, is daily coming to the front. The great saving in straw and fodder, and the great increase in the value of the dung, would soon repay farmers for the outlay; but the preliminary capital is hard to obtain. The fact is that for farm work of undoubted utility Government loans should be easily obtainable at a low rate of interest. The farmer, working as he does for all, should be aided, and protected from the unscrupulous money-lenders whom recent statistics have shown to batten upon him, and drain his too scanty means by all sorts of monstrous charges. The losses through sheep being out in wet meadows instead of under cover would have paid for the covering of thousands of farmyards, and England would have been richer by over a million of sheep which in the past two years have perished of fluke and other diseases of a like nature.

A DEAR PLANT.—A very rare species of *Nymphaea* is being sold for 3l. and 4l. for little bits. This particular variety is of a true pink, while a purplish tinge is to be found on other sorts. The prices which "fancy" will give have been so often denounced that we need do no more than give a bare record of fact.

BIRDS have suffered terribly during the frost, and blackbirds have been detected in acts of cannibalism on weaker specimens of their own species. Dead field larks have been picked up by hundreds.

WICKEN MANOR has been purchased for a client by Mr. Beaumont, the well-known solicitor of Coggeshall. The area of the Manor is 700 acres, the price realised for all rights, privileges, and quit rents, 4,500l.

GREENHOUSE MOULD.—A very good greenhouse mould is to be made of 14 parts organic matter, 3 parts ferric oxide, 2 parts aluminic oxide, 1 part calcic oxide, 1 part phosphoric anhydride, and 79 parts of clay and sand. This contains a fair balance of proportion of all the foods needed by plants. Certain plants, according to composition, are benefited by a little magnesian oxide, a little sulphuric anhydride, a little carbonic anhydride, and a little ammonia.

SUFFOLK AGRICULTURE.—A leading landholder in this county says that agricultural losses there have equalled six millions sterling in a single year. It seems a little hard, he says, that those who are striving to produce the wholesome necessities of life should be doing so at a loss, whilst those who distil and brew their produce, with doubtful benefit to the community, are making fortunes every day. The local taxes are greatly to be complained of. Highways call for immediate attention, for nothing can be more unsatisfactory than the present tinkered state of the Highway Acts and Highway Amendments, and amendments to amendments.

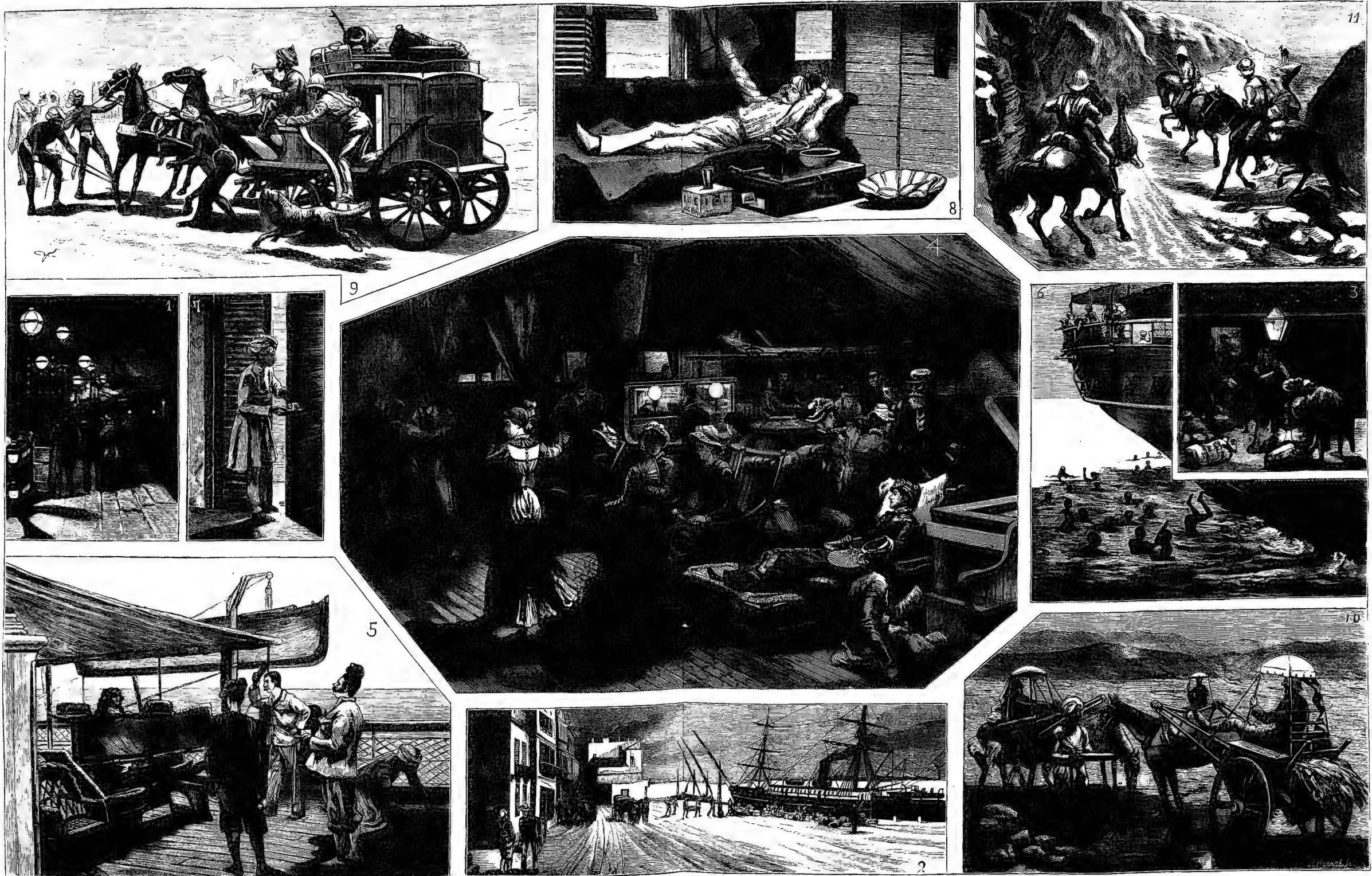
ATTLEBOROUGH FESTIVITIES.—The agricultural tenants of Sir R. J. Duxton dined together at Attleborough the other day. After the dinner they found themselves snowed up, and were compelled to make a night of it.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—Mr. G. J. Elliot, resident agent of a large estate in Hampshire, has accepted a Professorship of Estate Management at Cirencester.

## JOSÉ MARIA DA SILVA PARANHOS

JOSÉ MARIA DA SILVA PARANHOS, a distinguished Brazilian Minister and orator, was born on the 16th of March, 1819, and died at the age of sixty-one years on the 31st of October, 1880. His whole life was spent in the service of his country, and his talent and his personal honour were undimmed to the end. In his youth he was much associated with the public Press, and in the year 1853 distinguished himself as Resident Brazilian Minister in the River Plate. In 1862, he was returned as one of the three head candidates for the Senatorship of the Province of Matto Grosso, and was nominated by the choice of the Emperor for that honour. In 1870, as a reward for further diplomatic services, he was created Councillor of State, with the title of Visconde do Rio Branco, with "honours of nobility," a distinction which all titles do not carry. From 1871 to 1875, he was Prime Minister of Brazil, and in the very first year of office, he carried through Parliament that Act which especially recommends him to posterity, and entitles him to the sympathies of England. It was the Act which put an end to slave-birth in Brazil, by declaring that every Brazilian child whatever, born after the Act came into operation, was to be held as born a free citizen. This Act also facilitated the means of purchasing liberty for existing slaves. Considering how greatly Brazil depends on slave labour for her agricultural produce, this was a crown of honour both for Minister and country. Hence his title to rank among those whose comparatively early death our English public must unaffectedly regret.—Our portrait is from a photograph taken in Rio.





1. CHARING CROSS. THE DEPARTURE.—2. BRINDISI: THE P. & O. STEAMER.—3. SUEZ. H.M. MAILS.—4. A WALTZ ON THE RED SEA.—5. THE LADIES' BARRICADE ON DECK.—6. ADEN.—7. CHOTA HAZAREE, BOMBAY.—8. 118 IN SHADE ON THE G.I.P.—9. THE DAK GHARRY: THE START.—10. THE EKKKA WATERING HORSES.—11. A DANCE IN THE HILLS, AFGHANISTAN.

"OFF TO JOIN MY REGIMENT"—FROM CHARING CROSS TO CANDAHAR





THE pre-Lenten London season has commenced more than usually early, and finds most of us with purses considerably lightened by the calls made upon them during the past month of unprecedentedly severe weather. There will be plenty of work for busy brains to plan and skilful fingers to execute in preparing for the carpet dances, balls, and other festivities on the cards for February. Cashmere trimmed with fur has been, and still is, much worn for demi-toilette, and even dress parties, and very seasonable it looks. We do not advise our readers to re-trim these costumes until next month, as the cold weather may return, but they had better not have new ones trimmed thus, as weather-wise folks prophesy an early spring. The materials most in vogue for this month are plush, satin, velvet, brocade, and Sicilienne; velvet and velveteen have not found rivals to their favour. The winter sales at first-class houses may now be visited, and many evening costumes, genuine surplus stock, purchased at half-price, but care must be taken to discriminate between what is fresh and clean, and crushed, faded, old "shopkeepers," which some people flatter themselves "will not look shabby at night," a very great delusion, as gas or limelight brings to the fore all the spots and blemishes. At the private views of the various picture galleries which opened at the beginning of the year there were many so-called æsthetic dresses, which effectually concealed the most graceful figures, and made stout clumsy figures look perfectly ridiculous. A pair of well-shod feet only were visible from beneath the voluminous Mother Hubbard cloak, and on the head was a copious coal-scuttle bonnet—such was the disfiguring costume worn by a pretty, graceful young girl, who thoroughly succeeded in disguising her good looks. Her companion, a girl of the same age, but who, looking at the two backs, might have been her grand-daughter, wore a short skirt of brown silk sealskin, the folds of the deep kilted flounce lined with gold coloured satin; a long coat, tight-fitting, the square tails lined with gold coloured satin; wide Honiton point lace, Vandyke collar, and deep lace cuffs, plush Rubens hat lined with satin, large plume of brown feathers. Very pretty and becoming were the Henry II. toques in plush or velvet, which seemed to be in great favour with those personages who did not go in for artistic attire. Two costumes from Paris were most elegant. One was a rich dark green velvet, which fitted its wearer to perfection, and had not a bit of trimming excepting lace ruffles at the throat and wrists; a very handsome Indian shawl was gracefully draped round her shoulders; the small closely-fitting bonnet, of velvet and cream-coloured plush, was of the Mary Stuart shape, pointed on the forehead, the brim filled up with short frizzy fair curls, wide plush strings were tied under the chin in large bows. The other dress was of claret-coloured velvet trimmed with grey fur; large mantle, with simulated sleeves, trimmed with fur, velvet *Directoire* bonnet with small pink feathers. Muffs still are most elaborate; sometimes they match the costumes, at others they are made of feathers with a bird, its wings outstretched, or a bouquet of real flowers. For a ball the muffs are very elegant, and answer the purpose of a pocket; they are made smaller than those for the street. Three muffs and fans for a bridal trousseau were recently made thus; one was of black satin painted with humming-birds and flies, edged with gold lace, a fan to match mounted in filagree gold. Another was of coral-red velvet embroidered in seed pearls, fan to match, mounted in ebony and pearl; the third was of white satin, honeycombed very finely, edged with *point d'Alençon*, in the centre a bouquet of natural flowers, fastened with a satin bow to match the costume with which it was to be carried; lace and satin fan mounted in mother-of-pearl.

We will now give a description of a chosen few from a number of elegant, and, it must be owned, expensive toilets, prepared for the season. It should be borne in mind that these models may be imitated in less costly materials than those given. First, as to full dress balls for a matron. Black, in brocaded satin or velvet, is much worn, or any rich dark colour. Velvet or damask silk require very little trimming, excepting a *fichu* or *fraise* of real lace, for which it makes a charming background. The bodice may be made open over a coloured waistcoat or in a V shape, but the opening should be filled with puffs of net or *tulle*, than which nothing better softens down the lines and wrinkles of age. There is as great a variety in the shape of caps as of bonnets, every style of face and feature can be suited. Elderly ladies should wear lace lappets to their caps, fastened under the chin with a diamond or pearl brooch; the crown of the cap may be of a bright colour, the same material as the dress. A venerable friend of ours, who has silver white hair and dark eyes, looked remarkably well at a wedding ball; her dress was of pearl grey poplin, embossed with white raised flowers, wide *tablier* of ruby satin with a Mechlin flounce a yard deep, headed with a band of very handsome grey chenille gimp over the bodice, high to the throat was a deep Mechlin lace *fichu*. The cap was most elegant, made in ruby satin with a point on the forehead and trimmed with lace; wide lappets of lace were fastened with a ruby brooch. The Grand Opera in Paris is the place where the most elegant toilettes are to be seen. One dress lately worn by a leading belle was of opal blue gauze, the low bodice was made with a point and trimmed with *point d'Alençon*; her hair was dressed in the new style, flat on the top of the head with a diadem of brilliants, and two thick curls hanging down the back. Opera cloaks are very costly, made of white or pale coloured plush. Long dresses are rarely worn by young people for dancing; the shoes are made to match the dress, sometimes richly embroidered, but if too much trimmed they make the feet look thick and clumsy. White satin costumes are popular, even with quite young girls; sometimes they are richly embroidered in seed pearls, or the *tabliers* exquisitely hand painted. This rich attire is mostly adopted by American girls on their preference, for the parents of French and English young people consider it unnecessary to embellish the *beauté du diable* which so soon fades. Very pretty and comparatively inexpensive materials are now made, for example:—Silk gauze with velvet flowers is effective. White with colours or *vice versa*. Over a plain satinette or Indian silk dress this material looks remarkably well, especially when the flowers are raised, either as an over-skirt, gracefully draped, or arranged in two or three scarves. Prettiest of all these gauzes, which are very strong, are those with satin flowers; for example, white lilies of the valley or roses, faintly outlined with silver.

Velvet or satin coat-bodices are very useful for demi-toilette, especially where the figure is not very slender; they may be worn open or closed, or made low with a basque long and square, back and front, cut away over the hips.

A very pretty dress of white foulard was made thus: The skirt had first a pleated flounce of opal blue velvet edged with lace, next a gathered flounce, about half-a-yard deep, of white foulard, then came a space on which was a scarf of velvet, gauged across at intervals of a quarter of a yard, on the front and sides, finished at the back with a large loop and ends edged with chenille fringe, above this was a flounce of foulard with a gauged heading three inches deep. The low velvet bodice was made as described above; the sleeves were of velvet to the elbow, with deep *revers* of foulard and lace ruffles.

This stylish costume may be made in ruby velvet and pink

cashmere, dark green velvet and pale gold-coloured satin, black velvet, and any bright colour, mousseline de laine, alpaca, or Indian muslin. Never was fashion so erratic as at the present time; no two people, young or old, dress alike. There is much to amuse the looker-on at a modern ball, dresses to admire, dresses to laugh at, and dresses to wonder at. The Exhibition of Old Masters, now open, contains many costumes which are worthy of imitation, and which will doubtless be imitated with more or less success.

Among the prettiest conceits of the day are the floral trimmings, real or artificial; if the latter, they must be perfumed. Necklets of small flowers, such as violets, myosotis, white or coloured lilac, with a rose as a fastening back or front, as a finish to a *tulle fichu*, or tucker, are simply charming; *jabots*, or collarettes of flowers, on a larger scale, are also worn, but do not look so dainty.

February is the month of all months for fragrant hot-house flowers which, being brought up in an artificial atmosphere, can stand the heat of a ball-room better than their more hardy out-door summer companions.

As to the hair-dressing mode, an attempt has been made to introduce piles of false hair, but as yet without success. Not that we can say with truth no false hair is worn, on the contrary, many persons who either cannot or will not curl their own hair, wear curls mounted on gauze, as light as feathers, which do not heat the head, and are as often as not made from the combings of the wearers' own hair. The Grecian knot low down in the neck is still the favourite mode of dressing the hair with our English girls; a flower and foliage suits this style, and where the hair curls too stiffly at the top, bands of velvet or tiny wreaths of flowers have a good effect.

Gloves are worn very long, even over the elbows, which is to be regretted when the arm is well moulded, which, unfortunately, is not often the case with young girls, hence this fashion.



MR. L. FAGAN has been eminently successful in an eminently pleasing task. Apart from the personal qualities which make all who had the slightest acquaintance with him anxious to know everything about him, "The Life of Sir Anthony Panizzi, K.C.B." (Remington) is just one of those lives which are the delight of biographers. Fairly full of incident, mixed up with home and foreign affairs, yet not to such a degree that our interest in the man is ever in danger of being lost, Panizzi's life is also the history of the British Museum library; for the Italian whose appointment caused so much bitterness was not only the real architect of the new Reading Room, but the inaugurator of an era of good management. To his old friend Dr. Minzi he writes: "I found the Museum so badly governed and in need of so many reforms, that it required an iron resolution to get things into order; but everybody now learned they had to deal with one who was determined to make things go as they ought." It was for years an uphill fight; and Panizzi, no doubt, fought more than was necessary. Sir F. Madden, Sir H. Ellis, Mr. Forshall are only a few of his combatants. They would call him "the Foreigner," proud as they knew he was of being a naturalised Englishman; and when his dignity was ruffled he was by no means a pleasant co-worker. He succeeded, however; the result being the finest Reading Room in the world and the best catalogue ever compiled. "I am honoured by every one, and my enemies have disappeared," he adds; and the best proof that Mr. Fagan's panegyric is not undeserved is that an unknown exile, who (his detractors said) had been showing white mice before he was made Professor at the London University, should have won the friendship of men like Rogers, the Right Hon. T. Grenville, and Lord Clarendon, not to speak of Mr. Gladstone and M. Thiers. The Napoleon of cataloguing, he made it a science; and his stormy connection with the Royal Society is amusing in the extreme, owing to his evident delight in tearing bad work to tatters and showing up the folly of would-be systematisers. No doubt he had as much self-esteem as he had *aplomb*; and his asking for and getting the appointment to which, but for ill health, Cary, the translator of Dante, would have succeeded, was unfortunate. But he lived down not only clamour but opposition; and after the Royal Commission of 1848 he was virtually supreme in the library. Panizzi began life as a Carbonaro, and to the last Absolutism was his horror. When the Prince President asked him to dinner in 1851, and unexpectedly gave him the Cross of the Legion of Honour, he told his friends it made him quite miserable. He worked hard for Poerio, and raised money to rescue Settembrini and his companions from the dungeon of San Stefano. Unluckily the steamer he had chartered for the purpose was totally wrecked off Yarmouth. With Mazzini he had less sympathy than might have been expected from one whom Austrian malice had driven from his refuge at Lugano and forced to fly to England. But we must not write more about a book which we recommend everybody to read. Mr. Fagan deprecates the charge of prolixity; he wished, he says, to put before us the man amid his actual surroundings. Now and then a page might have been left out; few will care, for instance, for the catalogue of Sir W. Temple's collection or the circumstances of its transfer to the Museum; but about Panizzi and his friends there is not a word too much. We are glad even to learn that Mérimée was a dandy and got his clothes from Poole; and to hear Thiers screaming in one of his undignified letters: "M. Guizot a menti;" and to watch "temporary assistant" (afterwards Serjeant) Parry poking fun at his chief. Panizzi lived two lives; and no one could have done fuller justice to the Italian sympathiser, as well as to the energetic official, than his friend of twenty years.

Mr. Platt, having little faith in the goodness which can only be good by aid of belief in a future state, means his shillings-worth of "Life" (Simpkin, Marshall) as an antidote to that other-worldliness which, no doubt, too easily besets us. He would fain strengthen our faith in a Creator, "the law-maker, who is behind His laws, and also reveals Himself through them;" but he deals with man in this world, holding that science is the best developer of our spiritual life. If only he could prove that all men are punished or rewarded here, he would indeed be using the "sure magnet" of which he speaks; but, though this may be the rule, there are many exceptions. He is no Communist or Socialist, and laughs at "the religion of humanity," and at Mr. Ruskin's attack on usury. Now and then he becomes a mere talker; we doubt, for, instance, if looking at the stars night after night will make everybody "eager to do all they can in the cause of upward progress." But, in general, he forces people to think. Some of his advice is sound, though hard to carry out—e.g., "Train up every poor man's child to be an emigrant fit to battle with the wilderness." And "Poverty need not degenerate into misery or ugliness;" "Life is worth living on 100*l.* a year," are truths that don't grow trite by repetition. Some of Mr. Platt's advice to the clergy is very good; let them think less of dogma and more of religion. He is right in attributing to a thrifty use of time the power to take advantage of our chances; if our previous life has been wasted we are seldom able to act promptly when the need comes.

The Rev. G. H. Sumner has edited his wife's journal of "Our Holiday in the East" (Hurst and Blackett), the result being a dainty volume befitting a kinsman of the last of the Prince-bishops. The

Holy Land has been so well trodden that novelty in such a book is out of the question; but Mrs. Sumner kept her eyes open; she has a bit of praise for the late Khedive; she is sure Zenana work is the right thing, never having seen book or needlework in any of the harems she visited; she remarks that, except the rare bulbul, the birds of Palestine are either mute or discordant. Of Miss Whately's school she speaks most highly; her husband examined the boys, and found they could intelligibly explain "external symbols," "Divine dispensation," &c. If the boys of Old Alresford can do as much Mr. Sumner ought to impart his method to all Sunday School teachers. She was happy in her dragoman, but her husband was happier in the man who helped him up the pyramid; this wonderful Arab could actually repeat that Solar myth of "Jack and Jill." We are thankful that she does not disparage the Sphinx, as bookmakers are beginning to do, and as she overheard some irreverent English doing. Does anybody think the dervish dance "a kind of religious farce?" Mrs. Sumner did, till she saw how intensely earnest the dancers are. Even an oft-told tale is pleasant reading when told as she tells it.

The "Foreign Countries and British Colonies" series (S. Low and Co.) gives us "Russia," by Mr. Morfill, of Oxford, and "Japan," by Mr. Mossman. The former, in what he calls "a sympathetic sketch," tells us a good deal about Russian literature, from the old *bylines* epic-ballads to the newest school of novels, which, by the way, is based on Dickens and George Eliot, and owes nothing to France. For some who know all about Pushkin and Tourgenieff, Koltzov, the Russian Burns, will be a new acquaintance. Social life past and present is graphically described, and there is a chapter on Polish history and literature. Probably it is a Slavonic scholar's partiality which rates Gnedich far above all our translators of Homer. Mr. Mossman is, of course, at home in Japan; though even he fails to explain why the big Daimios willingly gave up their feudal rights (the little ones only did so on compulsion). We suppose they looked for hereditary offices in exchange; that they were disappointed is shown by the desperate revolts which shortly followed. Mr. Mossman treats of everything, from the Ainos and their first conquerors (Mantchoos, he thinks, not Chinese), to the new coinage. The Japanese are born sailors, though they have not strength to work monster guns; the change from straw boots to leather has given their soldiers a shuffling gait. Like the old Romans they divided the day into hours whose length varied with the seasons. Mr. Mossman is an optimist, and proves to his own satisfaction that even the bombardment of Kagosima was "beneficial to civilisation." His English is now and then slipshod, but he succeeds in clearly setting forth the marvellous change from Old to New Japan; and his chapter on language is a good introduction to the subject.

Mr. C. Norris-Newman is late in the field. Few of us will care to be any more "In Zululand with the British" (Allen and Co.). We have made up our minds whether Sir Bartle Frere did or did not exceed his instructions. We know all about the enforced celibacy in Cetewayo's army, and the *saure qui peut* which left the Prince Imperial to his fate. Mr. Newman was not at Isandlwana; he reprints at length the evidence of Sirayo's son as to that day's events. His appendices give the official record of the campaign, the lists of killed and wounded, &c. We are sorry he has been ill; but we cannot regret that his book is "hardly as voluminous" as he meant it to be. He adds very little to a well-worn subject.

Globe-trotters have already a literature of their own; and since the first edition of "The Natural Wonders of New Zealand" (Stanford), was published the communication between Auckland and the Hot Lake district has been so improved that visitors are inexcusable if they come away without seeing this really marvellous tract of country. Hotels at Ohinemutu, the sacred village of the Arawas, built on a thin crust of rock overhanging the huge boiler, seem strangely out of place. We should prefer the old plan of sojourning with the natives, boiling one's food by hanging it in a flax basket in one of the pools, or baking it in a hole in the hot earth. But, since the Duke of Edinburgh's visit, the Hot Lakes have grown fashionable, while the good road which the Maoris made expressly for His Royal Highness has rendered them accessible. Even those who know Mr. Trollope's account will find this little book worth reading. It is a good *vade mecum* for the visitor; and if the baths work such wonders in cases of rheumatism, they will no doubt be largely visited by Indian invalids. The Government analysis of several of the springs shows some of them to be like Kreuznach, others like Harrogate. Captain Mair's account of how the wind affects the geysers and springs is most curious; the south wind wholly empties a crater which in its normal state is thirty feet deep and hurls up columns of snow-white water to a height of sixty feet.

Mr. Tozer travelled 1,500 miles on horseback among rock-hewn churches, cave-monasteries, craters of extinct volcanoes, and here and there the loveliest scenery and vegetation that the world can show; and in "Turkish Armenia and Eastern Asia Minor" (Longmans) he so pleasantly describes what he saw, that even those who usually eschew books of travels will read him right to the end. Undismayed by rumours of wild Circassians, he struck right across Pontus, making the American missionaries his bankers. Of course he is not a discoverer; even the wonderful ruins at Euyuk, the sphinxes and two-headed eagles, and possible marriage procession of Alyattes' daughter and Astyages, had been photographed by M. Perrot. But those who know their Hamilton and Van Lennep and Texier will not regret following Mr. Tozer to the rock-monastery of Gueremeh, the tops of Argæus and Sipan, Van with its lake and castle, the Christian Ellora of Sumelas, the deliciously ignorant monks confounded Mahmoud II. with Mahomet the Prophet, and Trebizond the beautiful, whose praises were sung by Cardinal Bessarion, and with whose Emperors polo was the Court game. Clearly Dr. Ratcliffe's spirit is at work; Oxford dons are making Lesser Asia their playground; and the public are gainers when books so readable, and at the same time so scholarly, are the result. Mr. Tozer is seldom political; but, like every one else, he blames the Turk for the ruin of Asia Minor. The famine was grievous; more grievous still is the lack of all power of rebound. It is a case of the fathers having eaten sour grapes and the children still going on eating them. In one place he advises the arming of all the population; elsewhere he thinks this would be of no use, as the death of a Mussulman is treated so differently from that of a Christian.

#### PALMS IN THE BOTANIC GARDENS, PAMPLEMOUSES, MAURITIUS

THE name of the palm tree so prominently shown in the picture, by Major H. G. Robley, 91st Highlanders, is *Oreodoxa regia*, the local name in Mauritius being *Palmiste de Cayenne*. It is a native of South America and the West Indies, and the stately appearance of the trunk of this tree, surmounted by its fine head of delicate leaves, renders it an object of interest and beauty, and as such it is cultivated in nearly all tropical countries. There are several other species in this genus of palm, but although they are all graceful none are so beautiful as this. The mountain and cabbage palms of the West Indies are different species of *Oreodoxa*—i.e., *Oreodoxa oleracea*, and *O. montana*.

The *choy*, or cabbage, is the interior of the terminal bud of the tree; it extends downwards from the leaf stalk, is attached to the stem, and is nothing else than the delicate folded or unexpanded

(Continued on page 136)



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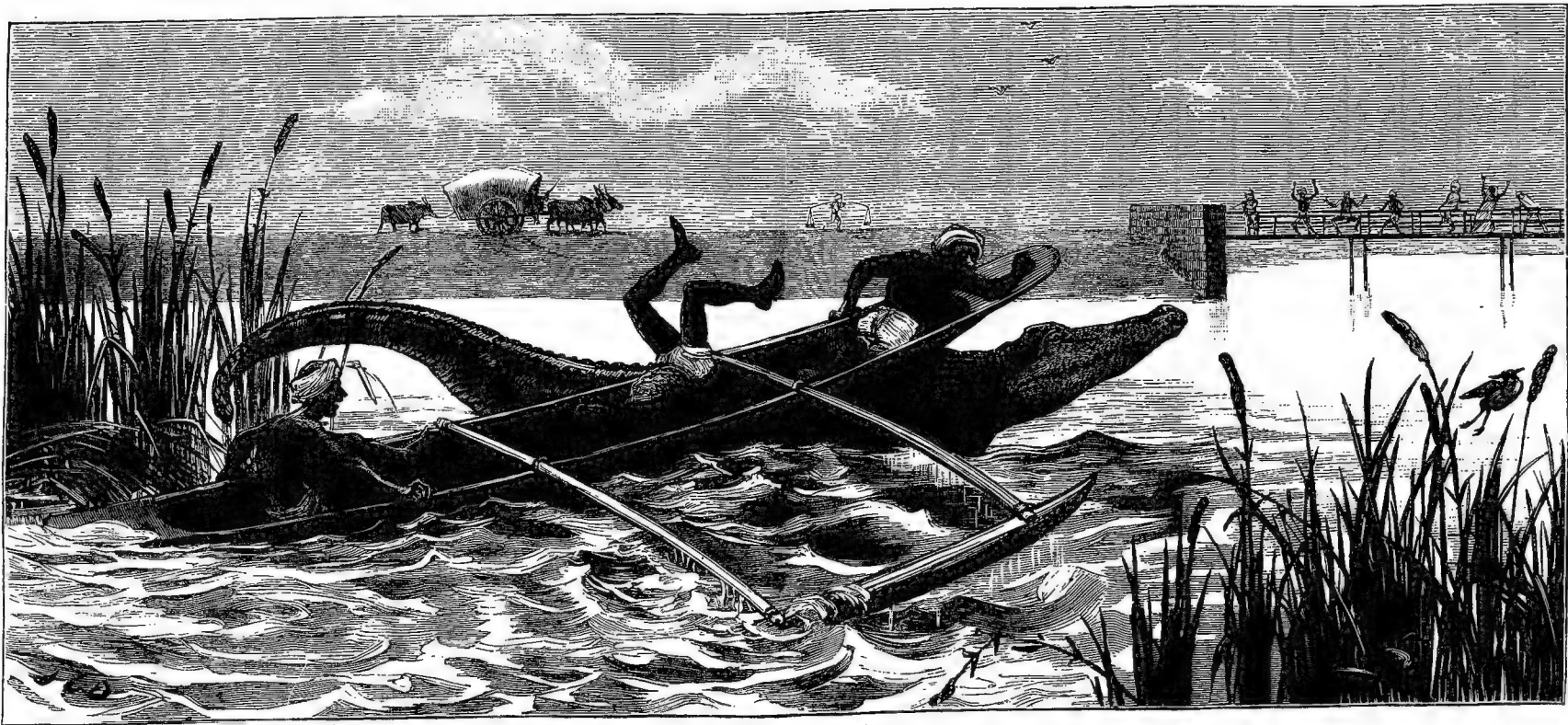
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**EPPS'S COCOA.**





CEYLON—HUNTING ALLIGATORS IN THE POOL NEAR KALMUNAI

young leaves, and like the portion of a stalk of young wheat pulled from its enveloping sheath, it is crisp, white, tender, and sweetish in taste. Of course to obtain the cabbage of any palm—for all palms contain more or less of it—the tree has to be sacrificed, but then that is not counted for much in countries where the palm abounds, nor does it matter much to the gourmand where they are scarce. Some opulent inhabitants of the tropics have plantations of “cabbage palms,” which they fell, one or more at a time, as may be desired, always taking care to keep up the stock by planting as many young trees as they fell old ones. The age of the palms here shown is about twenty-eight years. The rings on their column, like stems, are the scars left by the leaves which have fallen off the tree. The number of these rings does not correctly show the age of the tree as is the case with the rings on a section of the trunk of a fir or elm, where each layer of wood denotes a season, or year's growth, and thus clearly indicates the tree's age. However, if the rings are closely spaced, and one is scarcely perceptible from another, we know that the tree is growing slowly, but where the rings are wide, as shown in the drawing, the growth has been rapid. The palms on the right of the avenue are the same age as those on the left, the superior growth of the latter being promoted by water leaking from a canal near their roots. The drawing shows that several of the trees have lost their crown of leaves. This was caused by one of the hurricanes

which periodically devastate this beautiful island. When so damaged the tree dies, for, as a rule, palms do not send out lateral branches, or renew a broken leading shoot. The low plant is the “Aloe vert,” *Fourcroya gigantea*, the leaves of which yield a strong fibre, equal, and in some respects superior, to common hemp. This fibre is known as Mauritius hemp in the London market, and had the inhabitants of Mauritius the proper machinery for extracting the fibre large quantities could be exported. The leaves are very heavy from the amount of sap they contain, and to cart them to the stationary machines is consequently expensive, so a machine that could be carried to the fields where the aloes vert grow is required. The plant whose stem is supported—as upon stilts—above the ground by the roots is the *Vacoe*, or screw pine (*Pandanus utilis*). Its leaves are strong and fibrous; in bags made of them all the sugar (from 100,000 to 150,000 tons per annum) made in Mauritius is exported. In the South Sea Islands the leaves of several other kinds of *Pandanus* are used by the islanders for matting their houses. On the right is a fan palm, *Latania verschaefellii*, found only in Rodriguez, a small island in the Indian Ocean, lying about 300 miles east of Mauritius. It is a very handsome tree when at the height of that shown in the picture. The genus *Latania* has male

and female flowers on different trees. This is a female tree, for, as shown in the drawing, it is loaded with fruit, which is borne on long slender stalks hanging by the side of the parent trunk. The large tree in the background, behind the avenue of cabbage-palms, is the *Badamier*, or country almond of the Anglo-Indians—*Terminalia catappa* of botanists. The head or branches of the present specimen covers an area of 12,000 feet superficial. The nuts are an excellent substitute for almonds, which they much resemble in taste. The kernel is the part eaten, and is much relished by Europeans as well as by the natives, by whom it is sometimes dried and ground, and baked into a sort of bread. The nut is imported to England and other European countries as Myrobalans. Its outer covering is fibrous and very astringent, and on this account it is useful for tanning leather. The tree is a lover of warmth; it is found growing wild on the shores of nearly all the tropical islands. It is a handsome tree, and under favourable circumstances it attains almost gigantic size. Although a native of the seashore it nevertheless thrives well far inland, and is often planted near Europeans' houses and about native villages for the sake of the pleasant shade which its leaves afford from the fierce noonday sun.—We are indebted for the above particulars to Mr. John Horne, F.L.S., Director of Forests and Botanic Gardens, Mauritius.



“Badamier,” or Country Almond (*Terminalia catappa*)

“Palmiste de Cayenne” (*Oreodoxa regia*)

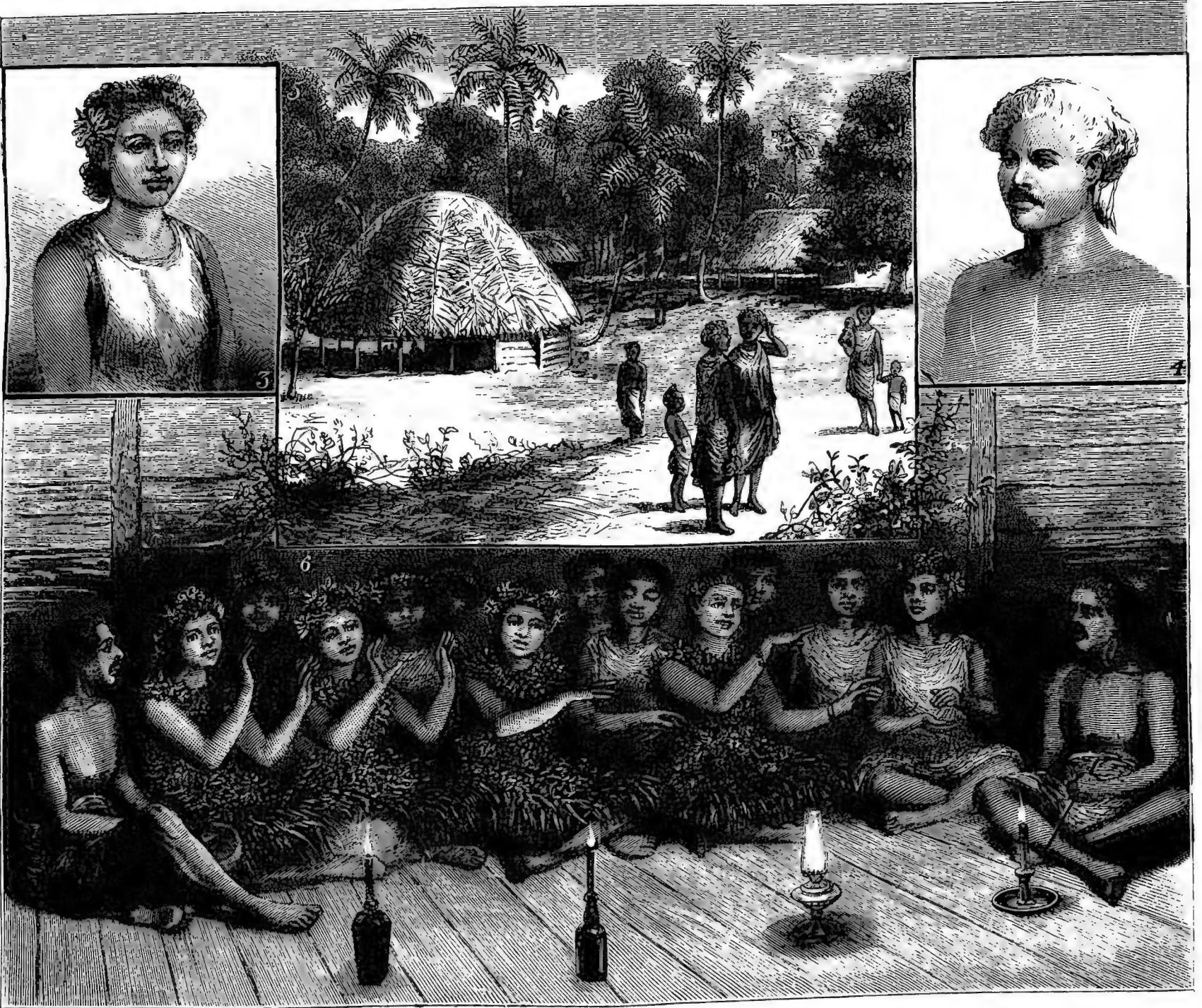
“Aloe Vert” (*Fourcroya gigantea*)

Fan Palm (*Latania verschaefellii*)

“Vacoe,” or Screw Pine (*Pandanus utilis*)

PALMS IN THE BOTANIC GARDENS, PAMPLEMOUSSES, MAURITIUS





1. Leumanu, Chief of Apia.—2. Fantulia, Wife of Leumanu.—3, 4. Types of Natives.—5. A Village Scene.—6. The Siva or Sitting-down Dance.





**THE CRISIS IN THE EAST.**—The Powers are still discussing the bases of the informal Ambassadorial Conference which is to be held at Constantinople for the settlement of the Greco-Turkish differences. Not that there is to be any Conference in the strict sense of the word. The Ambassadors will have similar instructions, but will deal with the Porte separately, and not collectively, although they will hold meetings among themselves to discuss any unprovided-for question which may arise. The first point manifestly is to discover the uttermost concession which the Porte is prepared to make. This appears to be at present the district of Larissa, as the cession of Janina and Metzovo are most firmly refused. The Sultan, according to one account, however, is now greatly inclined to conciliation, and may possibly yield to the simultaneous pressure of the Powers, especially as another Note declaring his willingness to negotiate has been issued; but at the same time it is stated that the most extensive military preparations are being made, and that the Government departments have been ordered to pay no salaries until the end of March, as the money is wanted for the sinews of war. When, however, the Ambassadors have (if they ever do) come to an arrangement with the Porte regarding the territory to be ceded to Greece, there still remains the latter country to be reckoned with, though it is considered that the Powers, having once agreed upon a certain frontier line, will offer it to the Greek Government, and, should the latter still hold to its pound of flesh, will withdraw all their support from Greece, and leave her to reckon alone with Turkey. At present Greece continues in the most obdurate frame of mind. She is continuing her armaments, and M. Comourdouros has issued a reply to M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, professing a "pained surprise" that the "formal decisions of the Conference become simple counsels addressed to Turkey, and cease to be a legal title in our favour," and that the French Minister should declare that "the territory recognised as ours is the lawful property of Turkey, and that Europe could not deprive the Porte of it without rendering itself guilty of an act of aggression. This is certainly the first time that a Great Power has in a diplomatic document acknowledged the right of Turkey to its European possessions." It is curious to note, by the way, the manner in which the French Government have apparently changed their opinion on the Greek question. In M. Waddington's time France put herself forward as the champion of Hellenic rights; she then fell into the background, and refused to take any initiative in the matter; next comes M. St. Hilaire's circular, in which Greece is severely rebuked, and now we hear of another revulsion of feeling—for the triumphant chorus of the *Débats*, the *Republique Française*, and the *Temps*, declare that M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire has made a mistake, and that Europe must see Greece and the Greeks righted.

**FRANCE.**—A delightful quiet seems to prevail in political circles, and the only noteworthy topics have been the Circular above mentioned and the Press Bill, which, with one or two alterations, has been passed, all but the first two clauses. The papers have accordingly found plenty of time to discuss England and her Parliamentary scenes, and there is a species of good-humoured malice exhibited in seeing the tables turned, and "scenes" and "incidents" transferred from the Palais Bourbon to St. Stephen's. The *Temps*, in speaking of the Coercion Bill, remarks: "Possibly the measure is necessary, but its introduction is a proof that the English, who so eloquently speak on infringements of common law when resorted to outside the United Kingdom, resort to them without scruple when they believe in their necessity." In justice, however, it should be said that their not unjustifiable retaliatory remarks apart—no sympathy is manifested with the Land Leaguers save by the Ultramontane and Intransigent organs.

The Panama Canal project is now fairly under weigh, and M. de Lesseps has held his first meeting of shareholders. He announced that while 500,000 shares only were offered there were no fewer than 1,209,609 applied for, and of these 994,508 were subscribed for in France alone. The entire capital required will be 25,000,000*l.*, but of this only half has been at present raised, as the remainder can be covered by debentures, &c. The execution of the work had been undertaken by MM. Couvreur and Hersent at the contract price of 20,480,000*l.*, and during the past month seventy engineers, superintendents, and medical men had been sent out to the Isthmus. Orders had also been given for the construction of steam engines, by which the number of day labourers would be limited to 8,000.

In Paris the production of two dramas, Zola's *Nana* at the Ambigu Comique and Alexandre Dumas' *Princesse de Bagdad* at the Français, have been the chief topics of the day. The first-named play, like the novel, is yet more repulsive than the *Assommoir*, while the horrors of the delirium tremens scene is now transcended by the death on the stage of the heroine by black small pox. Since its production two scenes have been excised, but the most ghastly portions have been retained. Of the *Princesse de Bagdad* the *Times* correspondent aptly remarks that the performance resulted in applause for the actors, in an ovation for Mdlle. Croizette, and in hisses for M. Dumas, the audience absolutely drowning the voice of the actor who came forward, according to custom, to name the author. The plot of the piece, which, as usual, treats of marital differences, is highly extravagant, while the closing incident, based on the sudden awakening of a mother's love, was too much even for a people who, like the French, make (if we are to believe their novels and plays) maternal affection the ruling creed of their lives.—Another theatre has arisen in the old skating rink in the Rue Blanche. It is called the Palace Theatre, and a *féerie*, by M. Edouard Philippe, has been produced there, entitled *La Fie Cocotte*.

In the provinces the thawed snow has swelled the rivers, and caused serious inundations. The Eure and Loire have overflowed their banks, fields and villages have been submerged, and the town of Evreux has been completely inundated. Communications have been interrupted, and enormous damage has been done.—Some interesting statistics have been published respecting the wine crop for the last one hundred years. It appears that the area of cultivation has been but little increased, but that the yield per acre has considerably decreased. The average yield per acre may be taken at 450 gallons, though last year it was little more than 300, and in 1879 only 250 gallons. The most abundant yield was in 1875, when 1,887,000,000 gallons were produced.

**RUSSIA.**—All the St. Petersburg journals have been singing joyous peans over the capture of the Tekke strongholds, Denzil Tepe and Geok Tepe; though, with one or two exceptions, they affect a moderate tone regarding the future operations, declaring the object of the campaign accomplished; i.e., the safety of the road traversed by Russian caravans on their way to Khiva. There is a saving clause, however, by which it is stated that the "Government will only decide upon the future course to be pursued after learning the views of General Skobelev." This officer is quite the hero of the day, has been created a full general, and is to be decorated with the Order of St. George of the Second Grade.

**GERMANY.**—The new "Economic Council" has been opened by Prince Bismarck, who in his inaugural speech declared that as in commercial affairs essential differences in opinion had made themselves apparent of late years, it had been thought desirable to establish a central organ, whose members should be possessed of

technical knowledge, in order to give opinions as to the necessity and practicability of new laws. This the new Council would be the better able to do, since the representatives of Agriculture, Trade, and Commerce were bound by the nature of their work to their own homes, and consequently were less able to devote themselves to a Parliamentary career than members of the learned professions. The new Council has already been attacked in Parliament, the Progressist Deputy, Herr Richter, calling it "nothing but a packed jury in favour of Prince Bismarck;" and declaring that it would in no way win the esteem of the country. He was answered by the statement that the Government had carefully avoided choosing officials and other dependent persons, and in that way the Council had received a composition quite different from that of similar bodies in other countries. Prince Bismarck has the strongest faith in the Council, and at his Parliamentary *soirée* on Wednesday, after stating that Prussia having led the way, he hoped that a council would hereafter be formed for the whole of the Empire, and remarked "that he expected a cool and matter of fact judgment from it, superior to that of Parliamentary bodies, in which political passions dimmed and disturbed the mental vision."

Much sympathy has been expressed at the illness of Mr. Thomas Carlyle, who is a universal favourite throughout Germany.—A movement is on foot for erecting a statue to Lessing.—The great historical picture of the Berlin Congress by Professor Anton von Werner is now all but completed, and will be unveiled in the Banqueting Hall of the Rathaus on March 22, the Emperor's birthday.

**INDIA.**—The Viceroy's health continues to improve, so much so, indeed, that he was to hold a Levée on Tuesday and a Drawing Room on Thursday. From Afghanistan there is little news beyond that Ameer Abdurrahman has the gout, and that, though all is quiet in Cabul city, the provinces still continue in a disturbed state. The minute of Lord Napier respecting Candahar has been published. After remarking that there are four courses open to the British Government, namely, the abandonment of the city to any chance ruler, its occupation in support of some new ruler, its deliverance to Abdurrahman, and its annexation, he is strongly in favour of the last named. He states, with some justice, that "Our first announcement of our intention to retire was received by the inhabitants of the town with great regret. Whatever assurance may be given of immunity for those who have been friendly to us, or have assisted us, it is certain that they will never be ultimately fulfilled by Afghans. We may try and justify our abandonment of our obligations to those who have befriended us by declaring our belief in their future good treatment, but we shall do so in the face of our fullest experience to the contrary." "For the security of British India, and the welfare of the district of Candahar," he continues, "the permanent annexation to India of the fortress and its surrounding territory appears to me to be the best course we could adopt." On remarking on the certainty of the ultimate Russian occupation of Merv and Herat, and the consequent command of the road to India which Ayoob Khan has already shown the possibility of traversing, he concludes by stating that "If the annexation is carried out on wise and liberal principles, the district of Candahar will become prosperous and valuable. The inherent vitality of the trade between India and Central Asia has enabled it to struggle on in spite of the perils and exactions to which it has been subject. A safe road to Candahar will give it a clear start, and instead of purchasing Russian articles at Peshawur we shall deliver British manufactures to Central Asia." Surely the Cabinet will hardly turn a deaf ear to such a stringent plea urged by one of the most experienced officers in the British service.

**THE REBELLION IN THE TRANSVAAL.**—Sir George P. Colley's little force was repulsed with considerable loss by the Boers on the 28th ult., when trying to force Laing's Nek, a pass in the Drakensberg range, and he has now retired to his camp on the slope of a ridge near "Hadley's," some eighteen miles from Newcastle, and about four miles from the Ingogo River. It appears that the troops left the camp at 6.30 A.M., and that on arriving at the Pass shortly after 9 the first gun of the artillery which had been brought up in force shelled the heights and dongas. At 10 the 58th Regiment began to storm the heights, and at first drove the Boers back notwithstanding a hot fire, but at the hill-top the Boers were strongly reinforced, and completely enfiladed our troops, and, after a desperate encounter at close quarters, compelled them to retreat, the artillery fire covering their retirement. Seeing the impossibility of forcing the pass with his present force, General Colley then returned to his camp. The position of Laing's Nek is stated to be a narrow defile, extremely rugged, impossible to turn, and protected from artillery by huge boulders. Behind these boulders the Boers were posted, and, being renowned marksmen, were accordingly enabled to commit terrible havoc in the English ranks. Thus, out of the thousand men which composed the column, the losses amounted to 7 officers killed and 2 wounded, 76 men killed and missing, and 110 men wounded—altogether 195 officers and men killed and wounded. The 58th alone lost 3 officers and 69 men killed and missing, and 2 officers and 100 men wounded. Amongst the officers killed were Colonel Deane, who commanded the attack, and Major Poole. There are contradictory reports as to the manner in which our wounded were treated by the Boers, some stating that they were butchered where they lay, and others that they were treated with humanity. It should be said that a flag of truce was sent by General Colley for time to bury the dead, a request immediately granted. Considerable anxiety is felt with regard to General Colley's position, as it will be some days before reinforcements can be brought up to the front, and the Boers, flushed with victory, are by no means unlikely, in their turn, to become the attacking party. In the mean time reinforcements are rapidly arriving at Port Durban, and are being pushed forward with all possible speed.

The Basutos are tired of warfare, and a petition suing for peace has been published in the *Cape Gazette*. According to this Lerethodi says that the Basuto people will cheerfully obey Her Majesty's laws and orders, but they pray and beseech her to allow them to retain their arms in their country. Letsea also sends a letter protesting loyalty. The Government, however, requires an unconditional submission.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—There has been a severe earthquake in SWITZERLAND. At Berne and in the Aar Valley church bells were rung, chimneys overturned, and buildings cracked. Amongst the monuments injured is the famous Clock Tower in Berne.—From AUSTRIA the chief item is the death of Cardinal Kutschera, Archbishop of Vienna, who has been buried with great pomp, the Emperor attending the service in person.—In SPAIN there have been extensive floods, and Seville in particular has been under water.—In MONTE CARLO there have been two suicides owing to gambling losses.—In TUNIS the dispute between Mr. Evans, a British subject, and the *Société Marseillaise*, respecting a right to a certain estate, continues. Violence is being used by the French Company, and an international question is likely to be raised on the subject.—THE UNITED STATES has had a distinguished visitor, in the shape of King Kalakua of the Sandwich Isles, who is making a tour round the world, with the object of attracting emigrants to his kingdom. He has been to California, and has now gone to Japan.—In CANADA the Dominion House of Commons has passed the second reading of the Pacific Railway Bill.—In SOUTH AMERICA Chili, complete master of the situation, is stated to have proposed terms of peace to Peru. The cession of Antofagasta is demanded, and a large indemnity, together with the surrender of the allied fleet. As a guarantee Chili will occupy Callao, and will work on her own account the guano deposits and the saltpetre mines, until all the conditions have been fulfilled.



THE Queen will return to Windsor about the 19th inst. Meanwhile Her Majesty has continued at Osborne with the Princess Beatrice, while Prince Leopold returned on Saturday from a few days' stay in town. On the same day Mr. G. Shaw Lefevre, First Commissioner of Works, arrived, and joined the Royal party at dinner. On Sunday the state of the roads round Osborne was so bad that the Queen was unable to go out to church, and Divine Service was performed at home by the Rev. G. Connor, who in the evening dined with Her Majesty. On Monday Prince Leopold again left for London, and Captain J. R. Slade, who has lately returned from Afghanistan, dined with the Queen in the evening. Princess Christian was expected on Thursday for a few days.—Besides the Drawing Room on the 25th inst., Her Majesty will hold another in the second week in March.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have come to town for the season. Before leaving Sandringham they on Sunday attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where the Rev. F. Hervey officiated. They arrived at Marlborough House on Monday afternoon, and in the evening entertained the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Louise, and the Duke of Cambridge at dinner. On Tuesday the Duke and Duchess of Connaught lunched at Marlborough House, and afterwards the Prince and Princess with their three daughters went to the Albert Hall to witness the military assault of arms and gymnastic performance in aid of the Afghan War Relief fund. In the evening the Prince was present at the meeting of the Alpine Club to hear Mr. Whymper's lecture on Chimborazo and Cotapaxi.—The Swedish papers report that negotiations are in progress for a marriage between the Crown Prince and the eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Princess Louise of Wales, however, will not be fourteen until the 20th inst., while Prince Gustaf is twenty-two.—The Princes Albert Victor and George when the *Bacchante* crossed the line on November 29 took an active part in the rough ceremonies usual on that occasion. They helped vigorously in the shaving and ducking of such unlucky beings as had not previously crossed the equator, while in one of the companion vessels of the squadron, the *Inconstant*, Prince Louis of Battenberg was one of the victims. The Prince was duly presented with a pill and perfume-bottle, vigorously shaved, and thoroughly drenched in a bath, being dried with wet swabs.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have also come up to Clarence House for the season. The Duchess will give away the prizes to the Choir and Schools of the Savoy at Burlington House on May 28.—The Princess Louise leaves England for Canada about May 12. Last week the Princess with Prince Leopold attended the meeting of the Kyrle Society, and visited several of the theatres.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Prince Leopold went to the Gaiety Theatre on Tuesday night. On Wednesday the Duke and Duchess of Connaught paid a visit to the studio of Mr. Sydney P. Hall.

Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, the future bride of Prince William of Germany, has gone home to prepare for her wedding, after a stay of some months with Prince and Princess Christian. The Princess was to have left on Tuesday, but as there was a heavy fog at Queenborough she waited until Wednesday, when, with her sister and Prince Christian, she crossed *via* Flushing, and travelled on to Berlin. Princess Christian will join the party in a few days, and the Prince of Wales will follow later on. The Princess Augusta's wedding dress, which has been made at Windsor, is of white satin brocaded with silver, the train, just four and a half yards long, being broadly bordered by wreaths of roses made in silver lace at Berlin under the Crown Princess's supervision, from a design of the Kensington School of Art.—As to the other Royal *fiancés*, Prince Rudolph starts on his Eastern tour next Wednesday. Bosnia will offer him as a wedding gift a service of knives, forks, and spoons, richly inlaid with gold, as well as a steel set of writing appliances and the usual address.—The Empress of Austria leaves Vienna for England on February 19.—The ex-Empress Eugénie visited the Queen of Sweden at Bourne-mouth on Monday, and the King of Sweden will shortly come to England to see his wife.



**DIVERGENT RITUAL.**—The counter-memorial from the Evangelical clergy was presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury on Tuesday. It is signed by Bishops Perry and Ryan, and many other well-known dignitaries of the Church; and it entreats His Grace to give no countenance to any attempt to procure toleration for illegal ritual practices.

**DR. PUSEY AND THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION.**—Captain Palmer, the Secretary of the Association, in reply to an assertion made by Dr. Pusey in a recent letter to *The Times*, to the effect that he "knew of no valid reason why his teaching had not been submitted to judicial consideration," says that one is expressed in his own words in a letter to Canon Liddon in December, 1878:—"I should not be amenable to a Court for any false doctrine, because my Canonry is united by Act of Parliament to my Professorship." Captain Palmer adds that the Council were advised that although Dr. Pusey offered to interpose no legal hindrances to proceedings being taken against him, such an offer would not have been recognised or acted on by the authorities, and the Council would have incurred serious expense to no purpose. He also reminds Dr. Pusey that in 1877, when the Vicar of Fenwick had published a work pointing out the numerous inaccuracies and mis-statements of Dr. Pusey in his work called "The Doctrine of the Real Presence," the only reply he could obtain was:—"Having nearly completed my seventy-seventh year, I wish to devote the evening of my days to my Commentary on Holy Scripture. I must therefore leave controversy to others." Canon Liddon has, however, since sent Dr. Pusey's letter to *The Times*, calling attention to the fact (which Captain Palmer has unfortunately failed to observe) that in the passage above quoted is preceded by the words, "I am as much surprised as you are that any one can think that"—: the suppression of which exactly reverses the meaning of the sentence.

**THE BORDESLEY RITUAL CASE.**—Mr. John Perkins, the complainant in the suit of Perkins *v.* Enraght, has written to the Bishop of Worcester, saying that although it would be easy for him to procure a fresh writ and to comply with the formality which the Court of Appeal declared to be necessary, he should be glad to be spared the necessity of doing so. He hopes, therefore, that his lordship will be able to induce Mr. Enraght to amend his conduct or to resign his preferment, or that his lordship will do something to uphold his own authority and that of the Ecclesiastical Courts.

**NONCONFORMITY AND RITUALISM.**—At Westminster Abbey on Sunday last, Canon Farrar finished his series of sermons on the



**Established Church.** Tracing the history of Protestant Nonconformity from the time of Queen Elizabeth to the Evangelical revival of the last century, he bitterly lamented that the Church should have needlessly and cruelly ejected those who were willing to remain within her fold, when the true Christian policy would have been to win them to union. "Had we learned so little," he asked, "that the Church, which was then convulsed because Puritans were not allowed to decline a surplice, was now again to be convulsed because Ritualists are not allowed to light a candle or wear a chasuble?"

**A BURIAL QUESTION.**—Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and Mr. Justice Grove, in the Queen's Bench Division, have reversed the decision of the judge of the Kingston County Court, who held that it was within the Vicar's discretion to disallow further burials in the parish churchyard of a parish where a new cemetery existed. Their lordships held that the parishioners had coeval rights with the Vicar, who could not refuse burial in the churchyard unless it had been closed by an Order in Council.

**A NON-ESTABLISHED CHURCH.**—That it is not only within the Church of England that disputes and disagreements with regard to Ritual and doctrine arise is proved by an action tried this week before Vice-Chancellor Hall, who was asked by some of the trustees of a Pædo-Baptist Chapel at Huddersfield to grant an injunction restraining the pastor, the Rev. J. P. Stannard, from officiating, on the ground that his preaching upon such subjects as the "universal total depravity of man," "predestination," and "everlasting punishment," are not in accordance with the doctrines in the schedule to the trust-deed. It seems that in 1877, when the former pastor retired, Mr. Stannard, who had for some time been his assistant, was elected as his successor. Some members of the congregation, however, who objected to him, disputed the validity of his election, and of the appointment of certain new trustees who are favourable to him, and these subsidiary questions have also been laid before the Court. Mr. Stannard himself declares that he holds the specified doctrines, but claims the "same liberty of interpretation of them as is usually allowed in the Congregationalist churches." The decision was in favour of the plaintiffs, but no order was made as to costs, and the injunction will not be issued for a month.

**EXETER HALL,** it is announced, will be re-opened on Tuesday, March 29th, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, the Earl of Shaftesbury presiding, and on the following day the Duke of Edinburgh will preside at a meeting there on behalf of the Royal Normal College for the Blind. It was on Tuesday, March 29th, 1831, that the Hall was first opened.



**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—Now that all official matters are arranged, the list of directors complete, and Mr. W. G. Cousins established in his position as sole conductor, the Philharmonic Society, intent upon improvements, is anxious to make its sixtieth season as attractive as possible. There are to be two rehearsals in lieu of the old traditional one, and to the second of these subscribers will be admitted. The number of concerts will be six, and the orchestra consist of eighty performers. Several new works of interest are promised, not the least interesting being a "Sinfonietta," so called, composed expressly for the Society by Mr. F. H. Cowen—the only English musician, by the way, whose aid has been invited, which is a mistake. The resolution, too, that no work by any of the seven directors *pro tem.* shall be performed at any of the six concerts is also, in our opinion, a mistake, though no doubt it has been framed on specious grounds. Berlioz is to play a conspicuous part in the general arrangements, inasmuch as not only his great—some insist his greatest—work, *Roméo et Juliette*, but his early overture, *Waverley* (of which Schumann speaks so encouragingly), is to be produced.

**POPULAR CONCERTS.**—On Saturday Cherubini's Quartet in E flat was admirably played by all concerned. It is always agreeable to hear this fine work, which has already been given eight times previously; but it would be no less agreeable to hear now and then its published companions in D minor and C, the last of which has only been given once. To obtain the unpublished works of the same kind by "That stern, unbending Florentine"—which include three more quartets and a quintet—would seem to be a forlorn hope. The young pianist, Miss Dora Schirmacher, by her spirited performance of Beethoven's E flat Sonata, Op. 27 (companion to the "Moonlight"), justified the applause she has recently obtained. Nevertheless, she must learn to rein in her Pegasus now and then. Mozart's divine quintet in A, though this was its twenty-seventh performance, can never be unwelcome when Mr. Lazarus takes the clarinet part, supported by such a quartet of "strings" as Madame Néruda, MM. Ries, Straus, and Piatti. Mr. F. W. Davenport's Trio in B flat, for pianoforte and stringed instruments (produced on Monday), exhibits a command of form proving attentive study of the works of the great masters. Each movement possesses distinct character, and yet the three make up a homogeneous entirety, showing them to have been meant for each other. Nothing can be happier than the *andante* which separates the first *allegro* from the *presto con spirito*, constituting the *finale*. There is no *scherzo*, nor is the absence of a *scherzo* felt. The work is complete in itself; and as space will not allow of detailed criticism, we must leave it with the statement of that general impression, accompanied by a desire to hear more from the same pen. The performers were Mdle. Marie Krebs, Madame Néruda, and Signor Piatti. The twenty-two variations composed by Herr Wüllner, Hofkapellmeister at Dresden, on one of the countless themes from the prolific brain of Schubert, are extremely clever, though regarded as a whole a trifle monotonous. Out of the number no fewer than seventeen are in B minor, the key of the theme. It is thoughtful, scholarly music, however, and repays serious attention. The performance, by Mdle. Krebs and Signor Piatti, was all that could be wished, but the sensation created was by no means lively. Mdle. Krebs also played, very brilliantly and with wonderful mechanical precision, J. S. Bach's difficult Prelude and Fugue (*alla Tarantella*) in A minor—originally introduced at these concerts by Arabella Goddard as far back as 1861. Spohr's melodious "solo" quartet in A major (termed "solo" because of the preponderance given to the leading violin), a piece just suited to the engaging individuality of Madame Néruda, being full of graceful and spontaneous melody, opened the programme, and was listened to with manifest pleasure from end to end. The vocalist on Saturday was Madame Patey, on Monday Mr. Harper Kearton, Mr. Zerbini being the accompanist on each occasion. Herr Joachim is expected immediately, and Madame Schumann shortly after him.

**MR. KUHE'S FESTIVAL.**—Mr. Kuhe's 11th Annual Musical Festival, at Brighton, held as usual in the Dome of the Royal Pavilion, begins on the 15th inst. and promises a large variety of attractions, which, as Mr. Kuhe is in the habit of fulfilling his pledges, will doubtless all be forthcoming. There are to be three evening and two morning concerts during the week. The programme of Tuesday evening consists entirely of sacred music, commencing with Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch*, under the personal direction of the composer, and including a selection from Handel, Beethoven, Gounod, &c., in which Mr. Kuhe's own

"Festival Choir" take part. For Wednesday morning a "classical concert" is announced, the programme comprising overtures by Beethoven and Wagner, a symphony by Mendelssohn, a violin concerto by Spohr (Mr. Carrodus), and a new *Concertstück* for pianoforte with orchestra, composed expressly for the festival (and for the c'ever Miss Kuhe, who is to play it) by Mr. Walter Macfarren. Mr. August Manns of the Crystal Palace has undertaken to conduct the whole of these, with the exception of the *Concertstück*, of which the author will take care. There are to be two oratorios—Sir Michael Costa's *Eli* on Thursday evening, and Mendelssohn's *Elijah* on Saturday morning; Mr. Kuhe directs both. For Friday evening a "Popular Concert" is advertised, with Mr. F. H. Cowen's fanciful orchestral suite, entitled *The Language of Flowers*, and Mozart's *Musikalischer Spaas*, "The Village Musicians," which created such merriment last summer at Messrs. Gatti's Covent Garden Concerts, as special features. The rest of the programme for the greater part answers to the epithet "popular," in the literal sense most widely accepted. Mr. Kuhe has engaged a host of solo singers, all more or less favourably known, together with an efficient orchestra of some fifty practised players, chiefly from the capital, to Mr. Carrodus being assigned the post of leading violin.

**LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.**—An attractive programme was presented on Wednesday. Two new songs, "Twilight," and "Heart, mine Heart," by A. G. Thomas, were sung by Mr. Santley. The latter was redemanded. "Fairly Caught," by Louis Diehl, was charmingly delivered by Miss Clara Samuel, as was Blumenthal's "Her Name," by Mr. Joseph Maas. Caldicott's new song, "The Two Loves," given by Miss Mary Davies, may be described as "fair." As for established favourites, Mr. Edward Lloyd in "My Queen," Mr. Santley in "The Vicar's Song" (*Sorcerer*), Signor Foli in "I Fear no Foe," and the South London Choralists in Poe's "Bells," were respectively rapturously applauded.

**WAIFS.**—The first of Mr. Sims Reeves's four ballad concerts in St. James's Hall is announced for Tuesday evening. Among other attractions needless to specify is Miss Minnie Hauk, who will take part with Mr. Reeves in the duet, "Tornami a dir," from the last act of *Don Pasquale*.—Mr. Oscar Beringer gave a "pianoforte recital" at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday afternoon. His programme was formidable, comprising five of the most difficult pieces that could be named—all sonatas, of the widest scope and proportions. These were Beethoven's Op. 106, in B flat; Weber's Op. 39, in A flat; Brahms' Op. 5, in F minor; and Liszt's in B minor. Mr. Beringer, however, who has great power over the keyboard, a remarkable technique and an aplomb that nothing can easily disturb, went through the trying ordeal with the utmost ease, his most satisfying performance being unquestionably the sonata of Liszt—a Leviathan in its way, but more difficult, perhaps, than strictly "musical."—Madame Adelina Patti has been received with enthusiasm at Monte Carlo. She made her *début* in the *Traviata*. Every ticket was bought up a week in advance.—Madame Christine Nilsson has postponed her departure for the Continent in order to take part in the repetition of the Burns' Anniversary Concert, under the direction of Mr. William Carter, at the Royal Albert Hall. She leaves on Monday night.—Professor Macfarren's third and last oratorio, *Joseph*, was recently performed with great applause by the Philharmonic Society of Leeds, where, at the Triennial Festival of 1877, it was first produced.—Dr. Arthur Sullivan has returned from Nice, and is busily engaged on the comic opera he is writing with the co-operation of Mr. W. S. Gilbert. With reference to the cause that induced Mr. Sullivan to resign his post as Principal at the South Kensington National Training School, as he has himself revealed nothing about it, the mere publication of the fact might surely have sufficed.—Whether Madame Patti, or Madame Nilsson, either, both, or neither, go to the United States next autumn is at present simply a matter of surmise.—The death, at Glasgow, of Mr. F. C. Cooper, one of our most eminent violinists, is announced. An attack of acute bronchitis carried him off in three days.—The death of M. Marlois, the well-known Belgian pianist and composer, for some years resident, and very popular, among us, is also of recent occurrence; and, lastly, that of M. Lemmens, the erudite Belgian organist and musician, husband of our popular singer.



**MR. REECE'S** farcical comedy, entitled *Divorce*, produced at the VAUDEVILLE Theatre on Saturday evening, is not an adaptation of M. Sardou's *Divorçons*, lately brought out at the Palais Royal, but of a French piece which bears, we learn, the title of *Le Père de l'Avocat*. Who is the original author is not stated, nor are we able to supply the omission, for his piece it appears has not hitherto been represented on any stage. The question, however, is not one of any great interest. *Divorce* presents a novel and humorous idea in the notion of a foolishly fond father who, in order to further the interests of a son lately called to the Bar, touts for briefs on his behalf in a variety of ingeniously silly ways, and even endeavours to foment domestic discord for the sake of creating a suit in the Divorce Court, in which it is assumed that the son will be engaged. Beyond this the materials with which Mr. Reece has had to deal are of the now somewhat too familiar kind which furnish the substance of *Pink Dominoes*, *Forbidden Fruit*, and numerous other kindred pieces. The escapades of married folk, who get into scrapes by deceiving each other, until the discovery is made that matters have not been so serious as they have appeared, have been presented in so many ways, that it seems hardly possible to give them an air of freshness. The fault of *Divorce*, however, does not lie merely in a lack of freshness in the theme, but rather in the want of a genuinely comic employment of these old notions. An old man of incredible silliness and self-conceit, displaying a fussy and mischievous activity throughout three acts, is rather a painful than a diverting spectacle; and even the spectator, well-disposed towards farcical comedy, finds it difficult to conceive such an old gentleman as Mr. Thorne impersonates with such effusive displays of paternal affection and such disastrous officiousness. Mr. Samuel Buckham, it is true, is only a retired tradesman of somewhat imperfect education, but it is hard to conceive that he can be so ignorant of custom and legal etiquette as to suppose that his son's advancement at the Bar is to be promoted by treating every person he meets as a possible plaintiff or defendant. The piece, even making all due allowance for the spirit of farce and caricature, is entirely destitute of character, with the single exception of a poor flower girl, whose language and manners are those of the most ignorant and miserable of London street girls, but who yet exhibits touches of true feeling. This part, admirably acted by Miss Lydia Cowell, was really the success of the evening; but unfortunately the flower girl, after occupying the stage for five minutes, vanishes from the story, her sole function being to furnish the foolish old gentleman with another occasion for displaying his touting propensities. The parts played by Miss Illington, Mr. Maclean, Mr. Graham, Miss Kate Bishop, Mr. Hargreaves, and Mr. Lestocq afford really no opportunities for acting; and Mr. David James is, for some unexplained reason, absent from the company. *Divorce* was received more favourably than might have been expected under these circumstances; but the dissatisfaction among the audience on Saturday were sufficiently numerous to make their presence unmistakably known.

*Masks and Faces* is to be revived at the HAYMARKET Theatre this evening with entirely new scenery and costumes. Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Cecil will on alternate nights exchange the characters of Triplet and Colley Cibber.

Miss Litton's revival of Garrick's *Country Girl* at the GAIETY afternoon performances has been succeeded by another resuscitation of an old English comedy which is of even more interest to students of the history of the stage. Goldsmith's comedy, *The Good Natured Man*, has long passed out of the category of acting plays. Its fate was from the first of a somewhat chequered kind. Declined by Garrick, after tedious negotiations and abortive suggestions of alterations, with a view to give him as the leading actor at Drury Lane Theatre a more commanding part, it was finally produced at Covent Garden in 1768, when it met with a reception not entirely favourable. Audiences seem to have been at that period somewhat severe in their standard of comedy, and to have resented the scene, well known to readers of Goldsmith, in which the easy-going Honeywood introduces to the heroine, Miss Richland, the two bailiffs as his personal friends—officers, as he calls them, and as in strict truth they were. This scene, which, it must be acknowledged, borders upon farce, though not more distinctly so than many approved scenes in standard comedies, was accordingly withdrawn, though such is the fickleness of public taste that when shortly afterwards this portion was restored it was found to be one of the most popular scenes in the comedy, as it continued to be. In the early years of present century, the comedy was frequently revived, and Liston's Croaker is still remembered with pleasure by old people. The performance of the comedy at the GAIETY is hardly equal in general and sustained excellence to the previous performance of *The Country Girl*, but it unquestionably amuses. Mr. Lionel Brough's Croaker is distinguished by a ludicrous earnestness of doleful apprehension which affords infinite amusement. Miss Litton appears as Miss Richland, the heiress whose generosity saves the recklessly generous Honeywood from ruin, and whose hand finally crowns the favours which she pours upon him. The part is not one requiring any strong display of passion; but it demands tact, and grace, and power to give effect to epigrammatic dialogue, and in these respects this admirable actress is in no degree wanting. The Honeywood of the cast is Mr. Barnes, who plays it with too little variety. Among the best impersonations are Mr. Everill's Lofty, Mrs. Leigh's Mrs. Croaker, Mr. Vollair's Jarvis, Miss Cresswell's Olivia, Miss Maria Harris's Garnet, and the performance by Mr. Edgar and Mr. Seltens of the two bailiffs. The revival, which will be repeated every afternoon until further notice, may be regarded as a genuine success.

**THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.**—On Tuesday, Mr. Frederick Burgess took his sixteenth annual benefit in the larger St. James's Hall. There were two performances, each of which was divided into two parts, one of which comprised a very comprehensive programme formed of the usual features of negro minstrel entertainments, including the amusing sketch, *Round the World in Eighty Seconds*, while the other was of a more miscellaneous character. In the latter Miss E. Farren and Messrs. John Ryder (who gave a recitation from *Macbeth*), Charles Warner, E. Terry, Lionel Brough, James Fernandez, Harry Paulton, and several other well-known actors sang or recited, while the Hanlon Lees and M. Agoust gave a characteristic pantomimic entertainment in the evening, entitled *Une Soirée en Habit Noir*. In the course of the performance Mr. G. W. Moore made a brief but graceful speech, telling the audience how he and his troupe had never closed the doors of St. James's Hall for seventeen years, and that he hoped to keep them open for seventeen years longer.



**THE COMMON LAW CHIEFSHIPS.**—The meeting of barristers, presided over last week by the Attorney General, adopted a resolution declaring that the Lord Chief Justice of Common Pleas and the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer ought to continue to preside over those Divisions, and agreed to petition Parliament to that effect. Their chief objection seems to be that in their opinion the change "would lower the dignity of the Bench." The minutes of the proceedings in Council have been presented to both Houses of Parliament. Twenty-five judges were present, and the motions for the abolition of the offices named were carried by twenty to five.

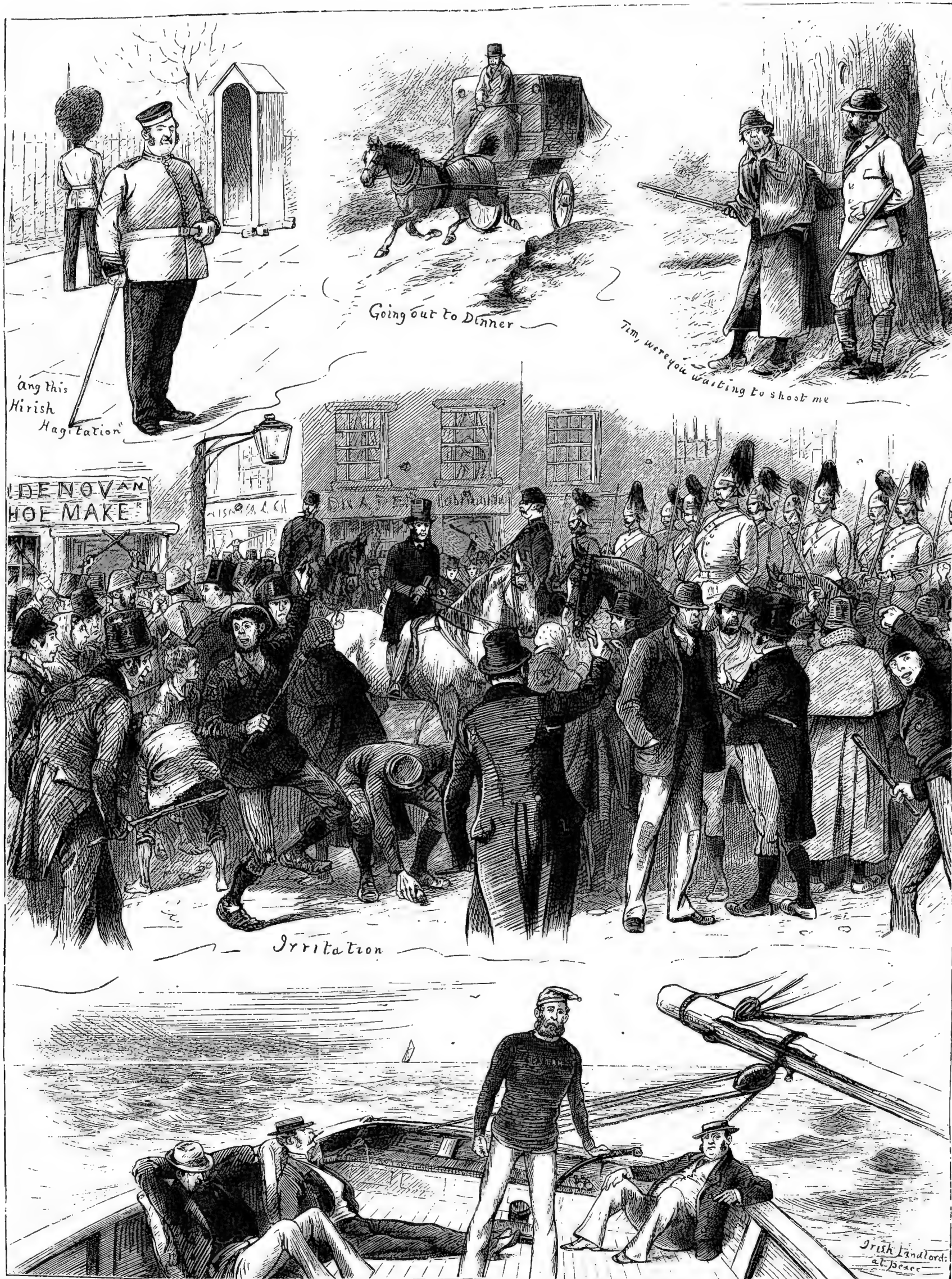
**A REMARKABLE ACTION** was heard on Monday at the Manchester Assizes, arising out of the great storm which passed over Manchester in July last, when several lives were lost and much damage was done to house property. The plaintiff, who was the owner of a house situated near the River Irwell, sued the Corporation for damages, resulting from the fall of the building, which he alleged had been caused by the flooded river bursting a defective drain over which it stood, and the defence was that the ruin was caused by "the act of God, viz., the lightning striking the sewer, and thus liberating the water." Architects, surveyors, civil engineers, and electricians, were called to state their opinions as to the cause of the disaster, and ultimately the jury found in favour of the plaintiff, but Mr. Justice Stephen declined to enter the verdict, reserving the case for further consideration and argument in London.

**THE SPIRITUALIST CASE.**—Mr. Flowers has expressed his intention of committing Mrs. Fletcher for trial for taking part in the alleged fraud on Mrs. Hart Davies, but there will be another hearing before him to give Mr. Lewis an opportunity of further cross-examination. Quite a sensation was created on Friday last by one of the witnesses, a Mr. Maddocks, who described how Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, a Miss Cooke, and himself, managed to produce a variety of "physical phenomena" at certain *séances*, he personating a sceptical gentleman and sitting between the "mediums," who as soon as the lights were put out released him, so that he could wind up a musical box, move things about, touch each of the sitters in succession, exhibit "spirit lights" by aid of a bottle of phosphorus, and personate the spirit of "John King." The company were perfectly satisfied, and after they had gone the witness remarked in reply to a question from Mr. Fletcher, that he had no idea people could be such fools as to believe it.

**THE CITY REMEMBRANCER.**—At a special meeting of the Court of Common Council last week there was a stormy discussion on the report of the Committee, which, whilst acquitting Mr. Remembrancer of any dishonourable conduct, yet stated that the main facts contained in Mr. Lister's statement were substantiated, and recommended that he should be called upon to resign. Mr. Roberts applied that he might be heard by counsel, but this was refused, and ultimately the report was adopted by 97 votes to 49. "Mr. Remembrancer," however, stated that as he had not been heard he should decline to resign.

**A SINGULAR LINEL ACTION** has just been decided at the Flintshire Assizes. The defendants were the proprietors of the *Rhyl Advertiser*, and the alleged libel was an anonymous letter published in that journal, in which a book written by the plaintiff, and entitled "The Missing Link," was described as "beastly." The plaintiff's counsel read an extract from the book, in which it was stated that Adam and Eve were the special creation of the Almighty; that when they were created there was already a numerous race of inferior beings in existence, resembling in their





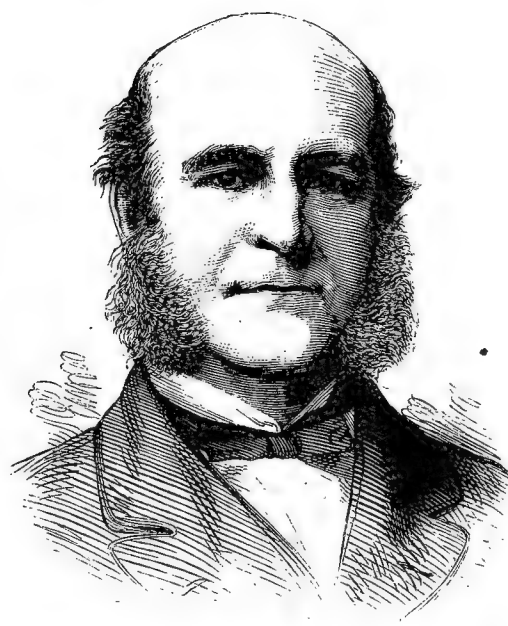




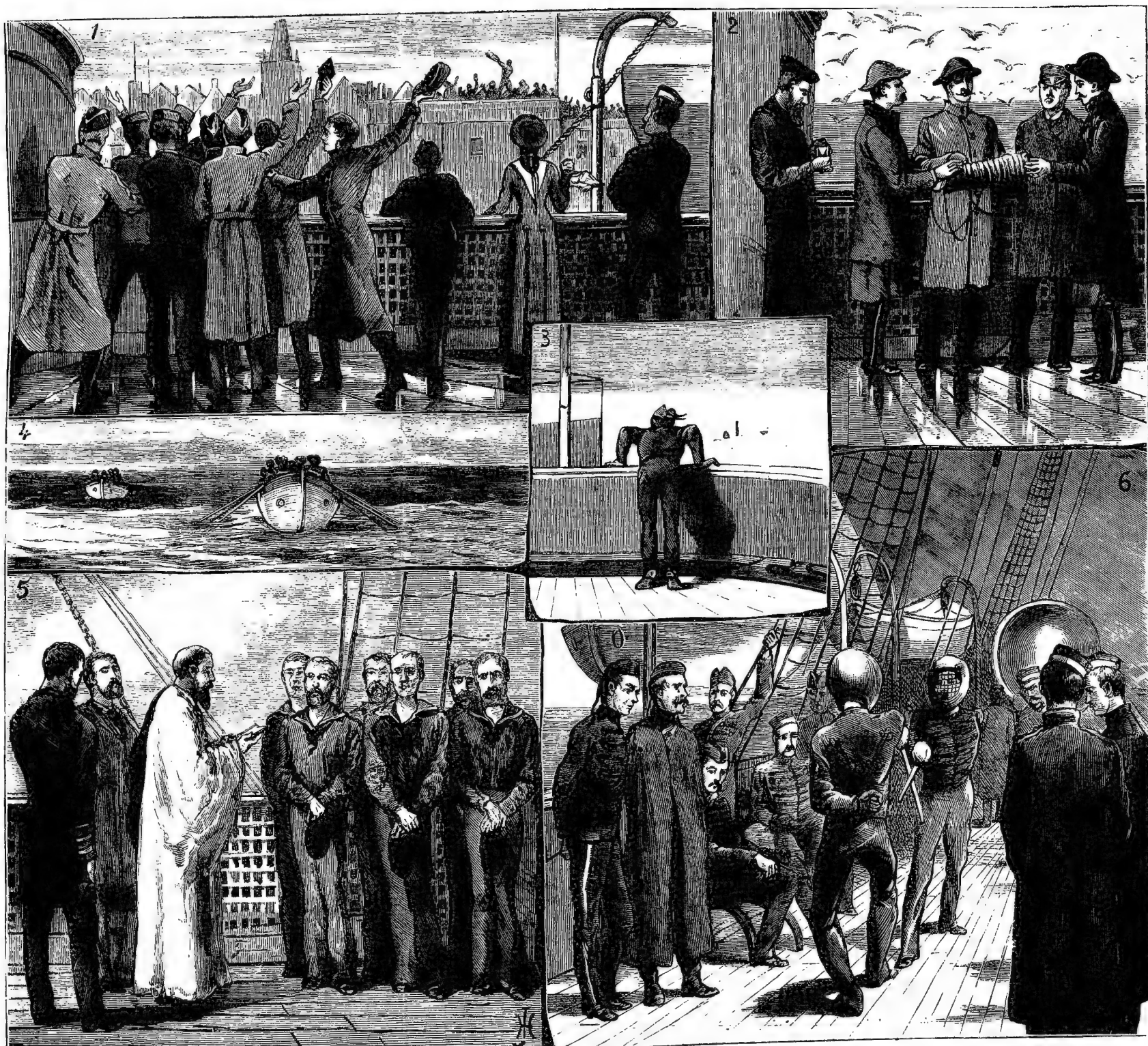
MISS MARY BEATRIX DOBIE  
Killed by a Maori at Opunake, New Zealand. Nov. 25, 1880



MR. HAMILTON HOPE, BRITISH MAGISTRATE IN BASUTO-  
LAND WITH UMHLOHLO  
Killed by Umhlonhlo's People, Oct. 22, 1880



JOSÉ MARIA DA SILVA PARANHOS, VISCONDE DO RIO  
BRANCO, BRAZILIAN MINISTER  
Died Oct. 31, 1880



1. Leaving Portsmouth Harbour.—2. Winding in the Log.—3. Man Overboard.—4. To the Rescue.—5. Daily Prayers.—6. Fair Weather Amusement.  
THE REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE TRANSVAAL—NOTES ON BOARD A TROOP-SHIP



habits, structure, and appearance the newly-created pair; and that this pair mingled with these inferior beings, several races of inferior beings of mixed parentage being the result. The work, it was contended, dealt with a difficult question in a scientific and not a purring manner, and there was no justification for calling it "beastly." The Judge, however, pointed out that it was published in a popular form, and the jury found a verdict of not guilty.

**FALSE IMPRISONMENT.**—Two ladies, known in the theatrical profession as the "Sisters Morris," appeared in the Exchequer Division the other day as plaintiffs in an action against a Mr. Joseph Mathers Morris, their former teacher and business agent, for malicious prosecution and false imprisonment on a charge of felony. It appeared that a dispute having arisen as to the terms of their engagement with him, they had left his house, taking with them two violins and concertinas, and some other articles as their property, and the defendant had given them into custody for theft. After two remands the charge was dismissed, but it was now alleged that the report of it had prevented them from obtaining engagements, and each lady claimed 5,000*l.* damages. The verdict was in their favour, but only for 150*l.* each, including costs.

**MR. SEWERIN BASTENDORFF** has recovered 500*l.* damages from the publisher of the pamphlet entitled "The Euston Square Mystery," by Hannah Dobbs, on account of the libels upon him which it contained. The action was heard by the Lord Chief Justice and a Special Jury in the Queen's Bench Division, and Mr. Bastendorff having denied on oath the allegations complained of, a consultation took place between the contending counsel, and a verdict was taken by consent.

**OUTSIDE THE DISTRICT.**—A poor half-starved wretch, who with his wife and child had been for two days during the recent bitter frost without fire and almost without food, was last week taken before a magistrate for obtaining by false pretences charitable relief from a lay-helper of St. Anne's, Soho. He had not misrepresented his condition, but had given a wrong address, his own not being within the district. To the credit of the lay-helper the charge was not pressed, and the offender was discharged with a caution; but surely there is a little over-organisation in the system which would allow a man to starve of cold and hunger simply because his lodging—we cannot call it home—happened to be beyond a certain boundary.

A "CONVERTED CLOWN" named Llewellyn, alias Brown, who has been for some time engaged in Evangelistic services at various places in the Midland counties, is in custody at Chester on a charge of bigamy. The woman who claims to be his first wife recognised and claimed him as her husband while he was preaching in that town in March last, and the trustees of the chapel turned him out of the pulpit. He then denied all knowledge of her, and commenced an action against the trustees for libel, but they having waited in vain for him to appear in Court and swear that he was not Llewellyn, have instituted the present proceedings.



**THE TURF.**—The acceptances for the Spring Handicaps, coming to hand within a few days of the decided disappearance of the frost, will put fresh life into Turf matters, and while trainers are hard at work out of doors with these charges, indoors thousands of Turfites will be comparing the relative weights of different animals in different races, conning over the "Guide" Books to past events, and generally "putting two and two together" with an eye to the future, and the possibility of spotting a winner before the season has far advanced. Taken as a whole, the acceptances are a compliment to the handicappers, as they are in most cases unusually large in proportion to the entries. Only to mention two or three of the most marked—the Lincoln Handicap only loses 38 out of 115 entries, and in the City and Suburban 87 out of 108 subscribers have "cried content." In the Great Metropolitan 26 remain out of 35 entries, and out of the 47 entered for the Grand National Steeplechase only 13 have been struck out. Among the non-acceptances most to be noted is Robert the Devil in the City and Suburban, in which he was apportioned 9 st. 7 lbs. Though from the performances of such animals as Thunder, Cremorne, and Master Kildare in this race it might be argued that the great Robert had a fair chance, still the general impression was that he had been dealt rather harshly with; and certainly it does seem astounding that he was asked to give 2 st. to Petronel, the winner of the last Two Thousand, and an animal who showed himself in good form at Liverpool at the back end of the last season. For the Lincolnshire Handicap it will be noted that Peter accepts with 9 st. 5 lbs. Lovers of genuine steeplechases will be glad to see that Liberator, though in one sense getting into the sere and yellow leaf, accepts with 12 st. 7 lbs., the weight he ran second with last year. If all goes well with him between now and the day of the race he will not lack backers.

**COURSING.**—Few sportsmen after a frost return to their favourite pursuit with keener relish than coursers. The Ridgway Club Meeting this week will be the scene of plenty of Waterloo gossip and wagering. Since our last Notes there has been but little change in the market. Up to the time of writing, Lord Haddington, Mr. Hinks, and Mr. Swinburne headed the list in the order named.

**AQUATICS.**—Both Hanlan and Laycock, who have been doing excellent work on salt water in the South during the frost, have returned to London in capital health and condition. The Thames has been free from ice for some days, and we may now hope that nothing will interfere with their match on Valentine's Day. The state of the river at Cambridge fortunately enabled a University crew to commence practice for the Putney race. It is said that several oarsmen who were reckoned on will not be available, and that the President of the Boat Club will have a difficult task in getting a good crew together. At Oxford practice has been greatly interfered with by floating ice and the floods, so much so indeed that there was a talk of seeking a more comfortable training ground for a season.

**FOOTBALL.**—In the third round of the Association Challenge Cup, which ought to have been concluded on Saturday last, there are four out of the six contests still to be decided. That between the Old Etonians and the Herts Rangers is set for the Oval on Saturday next.—The Lancashire Association Cup has produced some excellent matches this season; and in the third round the Blackburn Rovers have given a tremendous beating to Turton; Accrington has proved superior to Witton, and Park Road to Cox Green. In the fourth round the game between Darwen and Blackburn Rovers will create immense interest.—As a proof of the popularity of the "Association" game and of the large number of first-rate players of it, it may be mentioned that no less than 313 names of gentlemen desirous of playing in the annual trial matches were sent in to the Scotch Football Association Club.—We are glad to find that the Association game is establishing itself firmly in the North of Ireland. It was only in 1879 that the first club was formed, but now there are more than a dozen in the province of Ulster, with plenty of life in them.

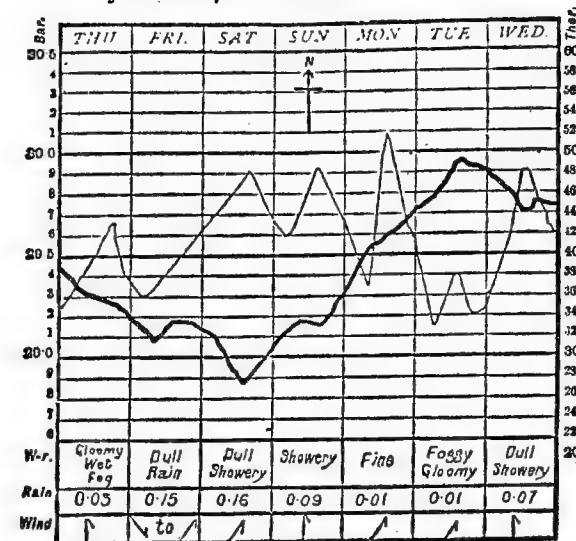
**BICYCLING.**—The much-talked-of fifty miles match between John Keen and David Stanton at the Marble Rink on Saturday last can hardly be said to have come to a satisfactory termination. Stanton took the lead, but owing to an accident to his machine lost a good deal of ground which he afterwards made up, but in the seventeenth mile Keen got well ahead, and Stanton, when he found that he was five miles and a half to the bad, gave up the contest, Keen having covered only a little over thirty miles.

Talking of football and bicycling, we are glad to note the marked improvement of the *Cricket and Football Times*, which includes in its columns records of and articles on bicycling, athletics, swimming, and other sports and pastimes.

**SKATING.**—Much to the disappointment of lovers of this pastime, the International Meeting, which was to have been held at Amsterdam on Tuesday last, had to be abandoned in consequence of the thaw, which seems to have been general throughout Northern Europe. The meeting, however, will come off this month if the meteorological authorities permit, and we may still have the satisfaction of seeing our Champion Professional "Skatist," "Fish" Smart, who has won two more important open races since our last, pitted against the best "runners" of Holland and other countries.

**PEDESTRIANISM.**—The great six days' pedestrian tournament at New York, instituted by O'Leary, has been won by John Hughes, who covered 568 miles. This beats all previous records, being two miles better than the recent performance of Rowell, who will probably find Hughes selected as O'Leary's "Unknown" to compete with him in the match which begins at New York on the 6th of next month, and for which he is now on his road to America. Vaughan, of Chester, accompanies Rowell to walk his match with O'Leary.

### WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK JANUARY 27 TO FEBRUARY 2 (INCLUSIVE).



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—The thaw which set in on the evening of Wednesday (26th ult.) proved to be a permanent change, and temperature during this week has been much higher than for some time past. The barometer has been highest to the eastward or south-eastward of us, and lowest to the westward of Ireland, but no depression of any great consequence has appeared, although several minor disturbances of slight importance have brought us rain and very unsettled weather. One of these, which passed across France on Friday morning (28th ult.) was of sufficient intensity to draw our wind into north-westerly for a time, but, with this exception, southerly or south-westerly breezes have prevailed all the week. On Tuesday (1st inst.) a good deal of fog was experienced, and the air was very raw, the maximum temperature being only 38°, as against 52° on Monday (31st ult.). On Wednesday (2nd inst.), however, the fog had lifted, and the thermometer rose to 48°. The barometer was highest (29.94 inches) on Tuesday (1st inst.); lowest (28.88 inches) on Saturday (29th ult.); range, 1.06 inches. Temperature was highest (55°) on Monday (31st inst.); lowest (33°) on Tuesday (1st inst.); range, 19°. Rain fell every day. Total amount, 0.72 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.16 inches, on Saturday (29th ult.).

**A NEW GUTTER INDUSTRY.**—A lady writes to a local newspaper to complain of what she describes as the "rapacious behaviour" of the dustmen of the district in which she resides. On more than one occasion when they came to cart away the contents of the dust bin, and the usual "dust money"—three pence—was tendered them, they grumbled on the ground that the bin stuff had been picked over, and that they had thereby been deprived of their legitimate perquisites. The letter in question has brought to light the curious fact that during the past few months a new industry has opened up amongst the "gutter tribes" of the metropolis. Its members carry a bag, and, haunting suburban localities, descend the area steps of houses, and respectfully beg of the servant the privilege of overhauling the dust depository, the excuse usually being "to find a few cinders to burn and make a fire with." All is, of course, fish that comes to their net, should the weakly, good-natured servant-maid give the required permission, the marauders "looting" every scrap that otherwise would go into the dustman's perquisite sack. The new trade is said to find attractions for an increasing number of these self-supported scavengers, and it may be worth consideration, if it does not afford a subject, for more reasons than one, for inquiry on the part of householders. It is easy to see how stray spoons and forks may find their way into the "bin-grubber's" bag, nor is it to be overlooked that the wastefulness of the servant is the essence of the grubber's opportunity, that enterprising individual seeking not cinders so much as material that will realise money at the marine-store shop.

**AFTER THE FLOOD.**—It may on the face of it appear unkind, but very little reflection on the circumstances of the case will justify the hope that for the sake of the drowned-out poor creatures of Thames side we may have no unseasonably mild weather, at present at all events. The position of affairs is simply this. In scores, almost hundreds, of instances, the recently flooded lower rooms of the wretched little houses the river has recently visited have not been vacated by those who rent them. Little more than a fortnight since the said apartments were converted literally into slush tanks to within a foot of each ceiling, and the flimsy plaster walls were saturated as though they were made of paper, and the space beneath each floor served as a depository for the subsiding mud. Thanks to public charity, every poor lodger has ever since been enabled to keep a large fire burning in the grate, and hot sand has been strewn over the floor boards until the surface presents a dry appearance. Matters having so far mended—to the eye, that is to say; the various families, including, of course, a large number of little children, are rapidly "settling down" again, and in many cases those whose bedsteads have been wrecked do not hesitate to make up their bed on the floor. Under such conditions it is but easy to foresee what would be the almost inevitable result of a spell of comparatively warm weather. It was an unfortunate mistake to permit them to remain in such shockingly unwholesome abodes an hour longer than was absolutely necessary. The afflicted tenants should have been

treated just as folks are that are rescued from a wrecked ship. Temporary asylums should have been found for them somewhere, and if they were allowed at all to return to their old abodes, it should not have been until the latter had been thoroughly dried, and otherwise rendered habitable.

**A MODERN NOAH CLAYPOLE.**—Meanness and rascality at its utmost attainable altitude is popularly supposed to be represented by the paltry fellow who did not scruple to rob the tray of a blind man of the few halfpence therein deposited by a pitying public, while it is admitted that this individual was run pretty close for first honours by the rascal who by false pretence possessed himself of a workhouse child's meagre breakfast. Both, however, must knock under before the loftier pretensions of a new aspirant, who has lately greatly distinguished himself in the northern districts of the metropolis as a child-stripper. To pluck the innocent human fledgling in mild weather is bad enough, but what is too bad to say of a blackguard who prowls the loneliest streets at dusk of eve, when snow lies ankle deep, and an icy wind is blowing, to strip little boys of their overcoats and little girls of their cloaks and their shoes and socks? Such a ruffian, William Carter by name, and a ticket-of-leave man by reputation, appeared before the Worship Street magistrate a few days since to answer to several charges of the kind indicated. There appeared in Court a crowd of young children, accompanied by their parents, and it was stated by the police that there were more than a hundred cases against him. This being so one cannot but feel some surprise that Mr. Carter's career was not sooner brought to a close. In almost every instance of the hundred the child robbed must have been able to describe the heartless robber; and his detection should have been rendered all the easier by the circumstance that the proceeds of each separate theft had to be disposed of by him to the pawnbroker or the wardrobe dealer. The villain differed from Noah Claypole—the father and founder of the "kinchin lay"—inasmuch as he appears to be a powerful and ferocious brute. When the policeman stopped him with two little coats concealed under his own attire, the prisoner turned on him and kicked him, and eventually knocked the constable down and ran away. It is to be hoped that he will be restrained from running for some considerable time to come, though no one will begrudge such a scoundrel unlimited leg-exercise on the treadmill.

**FROST-STRICKEN POSTMEN.**—The statement that an unusually large number of letter-carriers are at the present time on the sick-list should occasion no great amount of astonishment. The man who for several hours a day, and without experiencing any ill effects, could face such terrible weather as that which prevailed from the 15th until the 25th of the past month would need no medical certificate as regards the perfect soundness of his lungs and of his health generally. No body of men, wherever and however employed, were so severely tried during the hard time mentioned. It was bad enough for policemen on beat, as is attested by the number that were temporarily invalided; but the duties of the latter were not so urgent or inexorable. When a winter hurricane is at its height no one would think of blaming the constable who for a quarter of an hour or so sought shelter in some friendly gateway; but such a privilege is impossible to the postman. With the accumulated snow up to his ankles, his shins, his knees even, he must trudge through it somehow. Nor is this the worst of it: while it is plain sailing, as the saying is, and he has only to follow the lines of houses and knock at the doors, he may, even under such exceptional difficulties, make tolerable headway; but it is in districts where long gardens abound, and where, before the knocker may be manipulated, he has to climb a flight of stone steps, slippery as glass, that he suffers most. The snow hardens in heavy clumps on the soles and heels of his boots, adding greatly to the hardships of locomotion, and increasing the probabilities of his being precipitated from top to bottom of the house approach unless he keeps a firm grip on the side rail. Nor is the poor fellow at liberty to get through his perilous work as quickly as he would like to. There are still scores and hundreds of houses the outer doors of which are unprovided with letter-boxes, and with the frost within thermometrical reach of zero, or in the deluging rain, or the snow-storm, he must knock and wait. It was a pity, for the poor postman's sake, that his time of tribulation was not before he called for his Christmas-box. Let us hope that our recollection of what he has so patiently endured in the past will enrich his next year's harvest at all events.

**THE KYRLE SOCIETY,** which for five years past has been actively engaged in a most beneficent and laudable work, held its first public meeting on Friday last week at Kensington, under the presidency of Prince Leopold, who was accompanied by the Princess Louise. His Royal Highness, in a lengthy and eloquent address, described the action of the Society in its manifold endeavours to brighten and lighten the life of the working classes by cultivating and developing in them a taste for all that is beautiful in Nature and in Art. In combination with the National Health and Commons Preservation Societies, it has fought hard for the preservation of open spaces in poor neighbourhoods. Its members have decorated the walls of many schools, hospitals, institutes, and working men's clubs with mural paintings, and given a number of free musical entertainments in public buildings and gardens; they have also done their best to induce the possessors of Art treasures of all kinds to allow their less fortunate fellow men and women an occasional glimpse of them, and they have now joined in the crusade against London smoke, chiefly because it prevents, to an enormous extent, the cultivation of beautiful flowers and plants, which might otherwise cheer and soften the conditions of existence for those toiling millions who are fated to spend their lives amid the grime and dust of the Great City, with but rare and brief opportunities of visiting the green fields and sweet-scented lanes of the country. Some would-be smart writers in certain "society" journals have thought fit to ridicule this excellent work, because forsooth the Society does not expressly address itself to the amelioration of the physical condition of the poor. It is perhaps needless to say that we have no sympathy with such carping criticism. There are already a sufficient number of charitable organisations, whose main if not sole objects are the distribution of food and clothing and the provision of shelter for the destitute and homeless, and we doubt not that the members of the Kyrle Society as individuals do their full share towards supporting such institutions. It is therefore both unfair and unwise to sneer at them for their endeavours to do something in addition to this. As well might we condemn the dispensers of these very physical necessities for smiling upon or speaking words of tenderness and encouragement to those whom they relieve. A starving man cannot eat a smile or a kindly glance, nor wrap his body in a sympathetic phrase; yet there can be little doubt but that the great majority of the poor value these impalpable blessings at least as highly as the more substantial doles which they receive. Happily, there is little reason to fear that the malcontent critics to whom we have above referred will at all succeed in discouraging the members of the Kyrle Society or turning them aside from their purpose. The knowledge that their endeavours must be appreciated by all who have any true sympathy for the poor and uncultured, and any desire that the sunshine and glory of beautiful things should be revealed to them, will sustain them in their present work and prompt them to continued and increased effort in the future.

**PARISIAN DANDIES** have a new name. The term *gommeux*, which has been in fashion since the *petit crêpe* went out with the Empire, has now been replaced by *faucheur* (mower), while literary men and those who live by their brains have been christened *corbérats*. New York, too, has been inventing fresh nicknames, and all advocates of the cold water system are styled "canalopaths."



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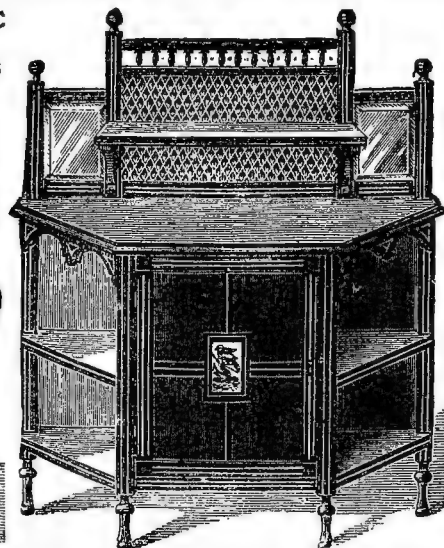
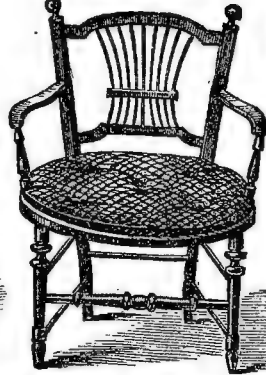
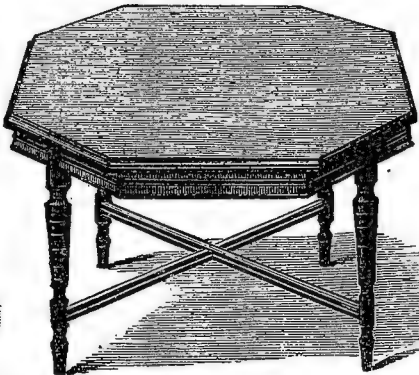
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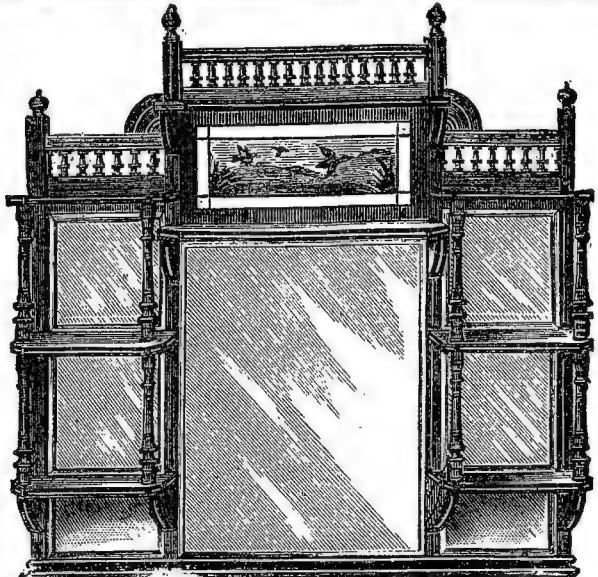
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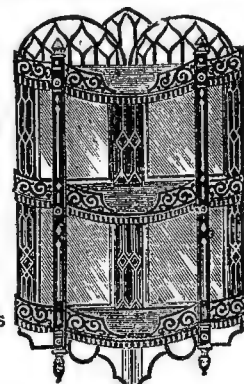
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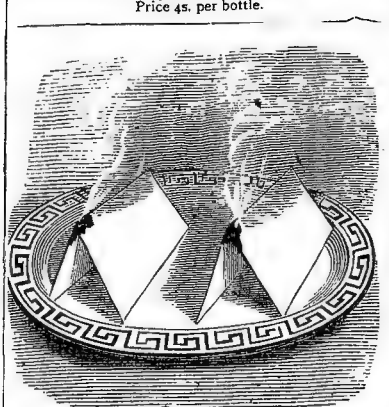
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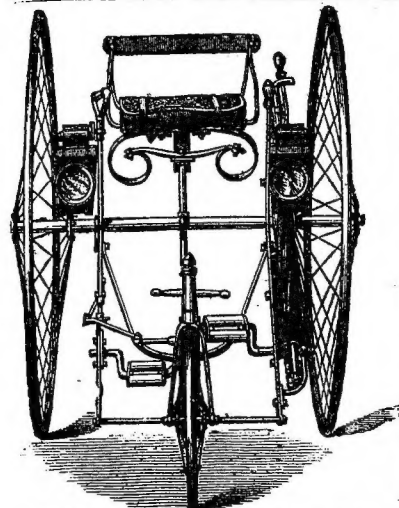
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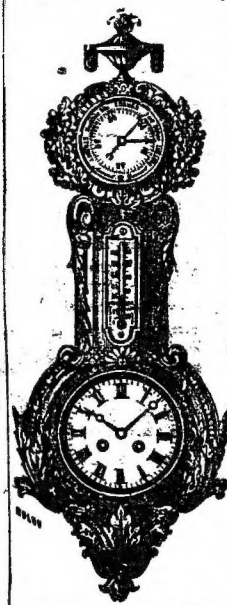
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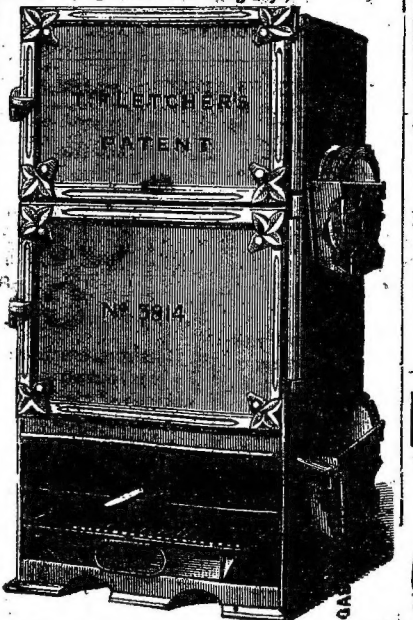
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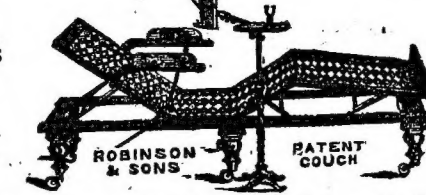
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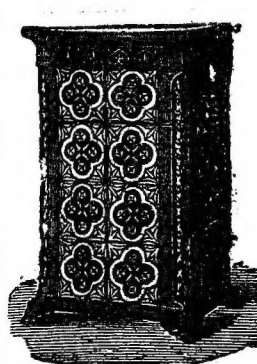
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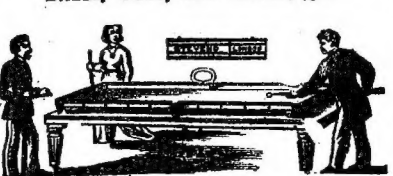
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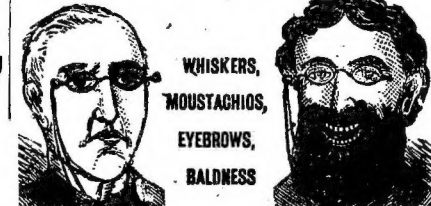
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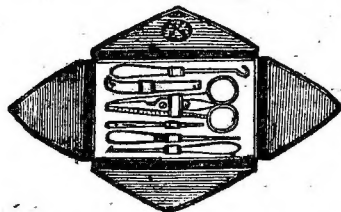
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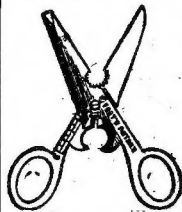


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